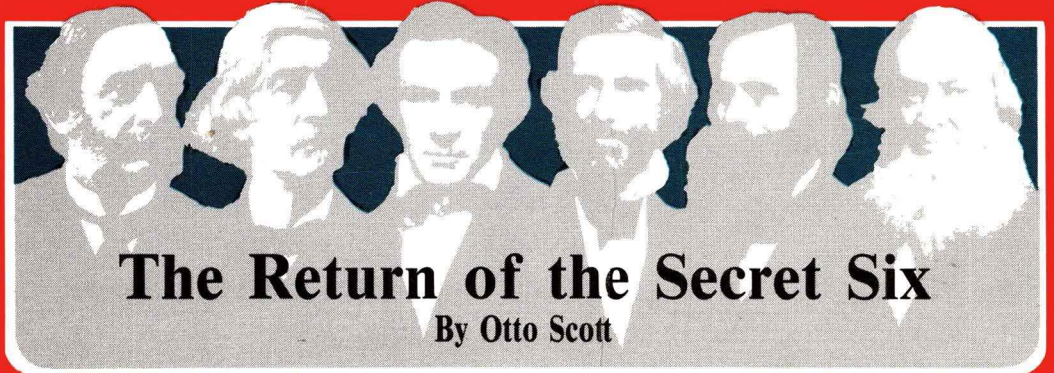
Southern
VOLUME VIII NUMBER 1 SPRING 1988 $3.00

PARTISAN

The Field of Honor

By Bill Hughes



The Return of the Secret Six

By Otto Scott

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WE DON'T JUST REPORT THE NEWS. WE *MAKE* NEWS.

On Jeane Kirkpatrick:
In a POLICY REVIEW interview Jeane Kirkpatrick said: "The single most important change in my views in the last decade has been a much greater appreciation of market economics." *John Chamberlain, King Features Syndicate*

On Our Judeo-Christian Heritage:
In POLICY REVIEW Rabbi Joshua Haberman said that the bulwark we have against tyranny in this country is our firm belief in God and our firm belief in some standard of authority above government. *Pat Robertson, "Candidates '88 with Marvin Kalb"*

On the Evil Empire:
Picking up from President Reagan's phrase "evil empire," POLICY REVIEW's article, "Seventy Years of Evil," encapsulates some of the grimmer episodes of Soviet history. It is important reading. *Boston Globe*

On High Tech Trade with the East Bloc:
Senate Foreign Relations Committee aide William Triplett wrote in POLICY REVIEW that the Toshiba-Kongsberg machine tool sales did more damage to national security than previously reported. *Washington Times*

On SDI:
Bob, you've talked about support for SDI, but you wrote in POLICY REVIEW that you would use it as a negotiating chip. *Representative Jack Kemp to Senator Bob Dole, NBC Presidential Debate*

On Anti-Communism:
POLICY REVIEW . . . is the organ of the Heritage Foundation—the brain center of the most rabid reaction. *Pravda*

On Conservatism's Parched Grass Roots:
Amy Moritz wrote in POLICY REVIEW that the current state of the conservative movement is weak because in most cases leaders don't call on the millions of grass-roots activists except for financial contributions. *Washington Times*

On Media Bias:
ABC-TV reporter Rebecca Chase admitted that network producers, hell-bent on locating dire hunger, asked her "to scour the small towns of Mississippi to find hungry people . . . but I couldn't find any," she said in POLICY REVIEW. *Fred Barnes, Reader's Digest*

On Balancing the Budget:
[Compared with George Bush] Jack Kemp has been getting off a bit easy. Now he's surfaced with an article in POLICY REVIEW entitled "My Plan to Balance the Budget." *Michael Kinsley, Wall Street Journal*

On Crime and Punishment:
[In POLICY REVIEW Charles] Colson, former special counsel to President Nixon, makes a pretty good case for alternative sentencing, including restitution to victims of nonviolent crime. *William Raspberry, Washington Post*

On Marcos:
The Director of Central Intelligence, William J. Casey, originally proposed to Ferdinand E. Marcos that he call the early presidential election that ultimately led to Mr. Marcos' exile, according to an article by Senator Laxalt in POLICY REVIEW. *New York Times*

On Angola:
Savimbi's strategy, as he outlines in POLICY REVIEW, is " . . . to raise the costs of the foreign occupation of Angola until the Cubans and the Soviets can no longer bear the burden." *Norman Podhoretz, Washington Post*

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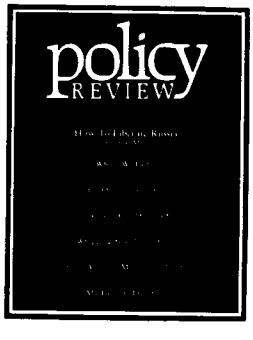

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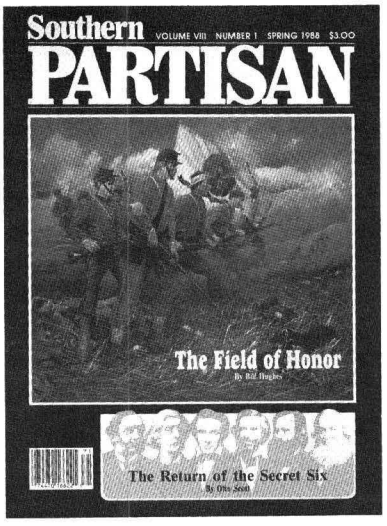

14 OUR COVER / William Hughes takes us back to 1864, to the Battle of New Market, when the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute became men and heroes on the same day.

We also reproduce the words of one of the survivors, John Wise of Virginia, who remembered that day forty years later with an eloquence you will never forget.

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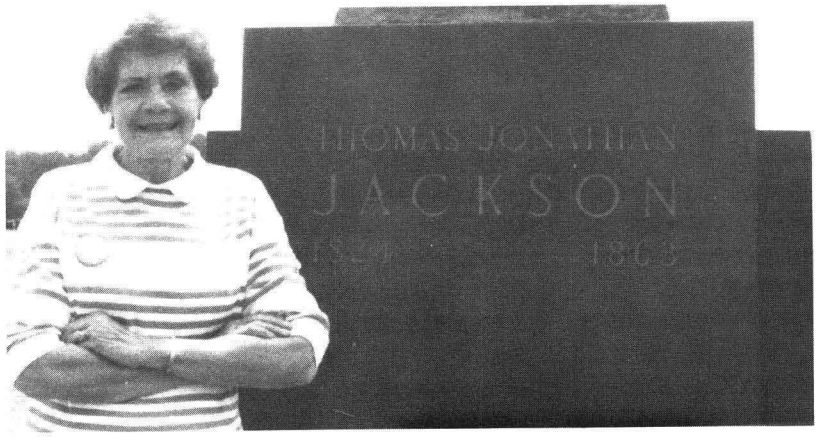

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COVER: "V.M.I. Cadets At New Market" by Don Prechtel ©1984

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PARTISAN LETTERS

BACK THE HERITAGE

Gentlemen:

The *Southern Partisan* is not only a great magazine but also urgently needed, in this day and time, to tell the truth about the South. I am proud that we have the *Southern Partisan* and the *Confederate Veteran* to take such a bold stand against the voices of ignorance that would destroy our proud Southern Heritage.

As most people are aware the Confederate Battle Flag has been under attack in about 5 Southern States, including Oklahoma, and the State Flag of Georgia, which embraces the Confederate Battle Flag, has been under similar aggressive attacks by the extreme Left. The Sons of Confederate Veterans in Georgia have put together a very strong "Save the State Flag" campaign along with a news conference on January 19, 1988, and we have so far won the battle. We have over 15,000 petition signatures and the drive is being picked up by many groups throughout the entire State.

I think it is very important that everyone get behind this drive and send a generous donation to the Southern Heritage Fund, 'TO SAVE THE FLAG", in Columbia, South Carolina. We must save our flag and bring back Dixie. Keep up the good work.

Calvin E. Johnson, Jr.,
Commander
Gen. Patrick R. Cleburne
Camp 1361
Sons of Confederate Veterans
Kennesaw, Georgia

INFALLIBLE LOGIC

Gentlemen:

...I would like to address a comment to Mr. Buckley on his closing article of the Winter '88 issue. I agree wholeheartedly. I wish more people would realize that the organization and bureaucratic structure of a government means relatively little. It is not a communist system that oppresses the Russian people, nor is it a democratic one that keeps us free. Only a moral code of behavior can do that. The law cannot bestow dignity — it is a gift from God. Lately it seems that moral codes in general, and the teachings of Jesus in particular, have gone out of style. If the Pope's detractors were horrified by his comparison of our two systems, they should be terrified by the prospect of our powerful *democratic* government becoming unfettered from the moral restraints that the Pope wishes to re-apply. If an inefficient communist government can oppress its citizens so thoroughly, imagine the horrible potential *our* government possesses.

The Pope is absolutely right to observe that we are already speeding along this path. Legislators pander to whatever minority the media has proclaimed to be the majority's pet project, and pockets are lined but souls are *not* to be considered. Who can argue with the Pope's statement that we are, like the Soviets, an atheist state. The only philosophy taught in our school is moral relativism. The only sin recognized by the intelligentsia is the closed-mindedness of daring to believe that there may be such a thing as right and wrong.

I agree with the Pope and I agree with Mr. Buckley but I do not hold much hope that the message will get through...

Lt. Robert T. White, Jr., USN
USS Leyte Gulf

CONFEDERATE OKLAHOMA

Gentlemen:

Please put Oklahoma in the CSA Today Section. We were as Confederate, if not more so than Kentucky and Missouri -- and, of course, more than Maryland.

"By the outbreak of war in 1861, the Indian nations were as firmly set in the Old South traditions as their sister states. Repudiating their treaties with the U.S., they joined the Confederacy. The Indian Territory raised armies for the Southern cause and had three members in the Confederate Congress in Richmond.

The only Indian to attain the rank of general in the War was General Stand Watie, a Cherokee from the Indian Territory. He became the last general to surrender a large body of troops. On June 23, 1865, two and one-half months after the surrender of General Robert E. Lee, General Watie surrendered the Cherokee, Creek, and Seminole Nations. The Choctaws had surrendered four days earlier, and on June 14, the Chickasaw Nation became the last Confederate government to surrender. As a penalty for their loyalty to the South, the United States was very harsh in Reconstruction and took the western half of their lands from them, turning it into reservations for the tribes of the plains. The western half became known as Oklahoma Territory, while the eastern half retained the name Indian Territory."

[Quoting from a brochure printed by the Oklahoma Confederate Memorial Hall]...

Mike Grissom
Wynnewood, Oklahoma

Editor's Note:
Done. See the CSA Section of this issue.

MISSOURI IS SOUTHERN

Gentlemen:

I belatedly write to add one adverse comment upon your summer 1986 issue.

Why must you refer to Deputy Secretary of Agriculture Peter C. Myers as having spent 27 years of his life planting "on the Mississippi delta northwest of Memphis." Why can't you simply say he was from Missouri?

Those of us in Missouri who need no reminder to tell us that we are Southerners are constantly having to remind others that to describe our fair state as of the midwest, the west or (horrors) the north or north-central states flies full in the face of 160 years of a well-rounded and distinguished Southern heritage. We occasionally have to take such indignities from Yankees. We should not have to take them from our fellow Southerners.

Robert L. Hawkins, III
Jefferson City, Missouri

ABE'S WHIM

Gentlemen:

...There is no difference between Lincoln forcing the South to stay in a union it didn't want to be in and a slave owner forcing the slave to remain in slavery. The great experiment started by our Founding Fathers in 1787 died in 1868 because of the Radical Republicans. Today the Constitution consists of form but no substance. King George said the law is what I say it is, and today the Supreme Court says the law is what we say it is. I see no difference between the two. The Constitution made this a country based upon law and not whim, but Lincoln and the Radicals put whim above law...

Robert E. Hart
Hitchcock, Texas

SOFTBALL HARDLINERS

Gentlemen:

Praise be, it still exists in the hearts of the young. My little sister recently took part in the softball world championship for girls 16 and under in Detroit, Michigan. Would you believe that in all places possible an act of true Southern pride came shining through?

At the end of the games, involving some 86 teams from around the world, the teams had an impromptu parade around the ball field. As a result of no planning, the Southern teams from various States including Kentucky, Georgia, Florida, and Texas formed a group of hooting girls. The teams of Alabama and Texas had brought state flags and one ingenious girl brought a battle flag. The flags led the parade as the leader would cry out, "Hail Texas," followed by the Rebel girls yelling, "Hail Texas." The chant went on to cheer for Alabama, "Hail Bama," then the loud response of, "Hail Bama." Each state received a Rebel yell. The leader yelled, "Hail the Yankees," then a thunderous reply, "Hail No!"...

James H. Sears
Henderson, Kentucky

PEPSI NOT YANKEE

Gentlemen:

In Booknotes, Page 59, Spring 1987 Issue, there is a review of the book "The Real Coke" by Thomas Oliver, published by Random House. I could not write earlier as I am very slow moving at my time of life. However, Pepsi Cola is in *no way* Yankee-born. It was formulated right here in New Bern by Mr. C.D. Bradham who was a pharmacist who owned his own drugstore. The time was in the 1890's. Mr. Bradham would mix various concoctions for his friends. A particular mix was very popular. They referred to it as Brad's Drink. On August 28,

1898 Mr. Bradham named his drink Pepsi Cola. He built a bottling plant and the business thrived until World War I. Sugar restrictions put him out of business. The building was torn down within the past 15 years (or about that). One of the original Pepsi syrup soda fountain dispensing machines is on display here at the Chamber of Commerce. As I recall the Pepsi stock was sold to Loft Candy Co.—that is when it moved up North.—1920's, I think...

Elizabeth Marsh
New Bern, North Carolina

FLAGS IN OKLAHOMA

Gentlemen:

Oklahoma is also now the battlefield. A movement has arisen within Oklahoma City to remove the Confederate Flag which flies alongside thirteen other flags of historical signifignace to our State...

I have suggested that the Naval Jack-Southern Cross be exchanged for the First National Confederate which so far has been untainted by the [racist-hate-groups]...

I strongly urge all Southern partisans and those of the State of Oklahoma: Fight for the flag! Give politicians no respite from mail or calls in its favor. Let your view be known so that none can doubt your beliefs, convictions, or sensibilities. For we not only fight for the right to fly our flag, but to also expound upon our beliefs, continue our values, and contain our heritage; all but a part of the whole of rights which our Constitution enumerates and implies to us.

We must also engage in a second front of this continuing Civil War. Yet this one involves more bravery than was needed in the battlefield against the Yankees. We must also fight the racists; those who still hold to ideas of racial superiority and dare wrongly use our cause as their cover...

Jack E. Skinner, Jr.
Sand Springs, Oklahoma.

ADDITIONAL ENTRIES

Gentlemen:

I enjoy some of the gems in the *Partisan* Dictionary, having been a reader of the magazine for three years.

Here are some of my own:

"Special Relationship" in International Politics — Blackmail

TV & News Media — Popularity Brokers

Stefan I. Slivka
"Southerner born in Czechoslovakia"
West Chester, Ohio

"SOUTHERN" MAGAZINE

Gentlemen:

I am a Charter member of *Southern* magazine. Now there is a magazine that falls short of the Real South. Please Sirs, think about letting the Real Southerner write a few articles. The real savor of the South comes from the pit it is dug from, not after it has gone through the Educational grinding mill that takes away the life-saving husks -- so needed for better health -- and more readers!

Aubra Hanes
Decatur, Alabama

"DIXIE-LESS" DEMOCRATS

Gentlemen:

An incident at the Democratic National Convention which occured on Tuesday, 19 July, 1988, has caused me some concern, and I would like to bring the matter to your attention.

The Convention is, as all such gatherings are, provided with musical entertainment, mostly of a patriotic nature, during intervals between speakers. Among the songs played at the Convention on July 19 was Dixie. However, during the playing of Dixie the sound technicians were interrupted by an official of the Convention and told to cease playing Dixie and not to play it again at the Convention.

I find such action offensive, and an affront to the South and all Southerners. Dixie is the musical embodiment of the South. It is, in effect and in truth, our Southern anthem. If it is to be the official policy of the Democratic Party to censor the playing of Dixie, Southerners should take notice and call the party to account.

I would like to encourage all of you, who are represented in the Legislature or the Congress by members of the Democratic Party to write to those senators and representatives, expressing your displeasure at such an offensive action and such an insult to the South. If you have a Democratic governor, he should also be written. We must not let such offensive actions go unchallenged.

Devereaux D. Cannon, Jr.
Nashville, Tennessee

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PARTISAN VIEW

RICHARD QUINN

Among our editors and writers, perhaps the one best suited for warfare in the political trenches is Richard Hines, who served as a senior official in the Reagan Administration until earlier this year, when he accepted a position in the private sector. Once upon a time, Mr. Hines was the youngest member of the South Carolina State Legislature, where he was among the first neo-Confederates to resist efforts by the infidels to take down the Confederate Flag.

Recently, Mr. Hines demonstrated that he still has lots of the good fight left in him when he returned to his native North Carolina, transferred his voter registration there, and ran as a Republican delegate to help resist an effort by the anti-Helms forces A) to deliver all the convention cookies to George Bush, and B) to disenfranchise entirely the conservative wing of the North Carolina G.O.P.

The stakes in North Carolina are important because they relate directly to the role Jesse Helms will be playing in the Republican Party for the forseeable future. Since Mr. Hines tells it best, let's listen to his own words.....

What was the Battle of Louisburg?

HINES: This was the site of the Fourth District Republican Convention near Raleigh where moderates were able to unseat 80.8% of the elected delegates. The conservatives seized the chair when it was vacated for a recess without a vote following the report of a rigged credentials committee. A physical confrontation occurred when the moderates attempted to retake the podium. The whole scene was reminiscent of something out of the Reconstruction. Events like this occurred in district after district where the conservatives had been strong at the precinct and county levels.

What were the consequences for Senator Jesse Helms?

HINES: There is no question that the moderate, anti-Helms wing of the party has taken advantage of the Bush tide in the 1988 primaries to cement their control over the Republican Party organization throughout the South. In North Carolina, Senator Helms was removed from the Platform Committee of the GOP National Convention for the first time since his election in 1972. The Senior Senator from North Carolina will no longer be that strong voice of Southern conservatism we so admired and appreciated at Republican National Conventions. As a result of his removal from the Platform Committee, Senator Helms chose not to attend the New Orleans Covention at all. This is an event for Southerners similar to John C. Calhoun not attending a Democratic National Convention held in Charleston. It is full of political symbolism.

What does all this say about the Republican Party and the South?

HINES: I believe that we in the South should regard the Republican Party much as the Vanderbilt Agrarians said that we should regard industrialism. We might need some of it, but we should accept it very reluctantly and on our own terms. In other words, we should be wary about entrusting our culture and political destiny to either party.

In a recent article in *Policy Review*, a Heritage Foundation publication, George Bush spoke of Southerners who as "Lincoln's opponents ...literally wanted to tear our Union apart." At once the South and its proud history were not only consigned by him to the dustbin of history, but also branded as moral pariahs. More recently, Mr. Bush has appeared before the NAACP--an organization unlikely to be of much help to him in any event--and embraced the old liberal verities of "affrimative action" and "fair housing." What are property rights in an advanced, enlightened society such as ours? Notably, the NAACP is the self-same group leading the charge to haul down the Confederate flag from atop the state capitols of the South.

Well, then, why should we support George Bush and the Republican Party against Michael Dukakis and Lloyd Bentsen?

HINES: I'm not saying that we shouldn't vote for George Bush. But I am saying, if we do, we should do so reluctantly. It should be remembered that "Mr. Conservative" -- the George Bush of 1988 -- was actually regarded by most Texans in 1970 as the liberal candidate when he ran against Lloyd Bentsen. The South -- after 1988 -- somehow needs to regain its political identity, and I am not at all certain that the Republican Party is the solution that many of us thought it was in 1964 and again in 1980.★

FROM BEHIND ENEMY LINES

BORK AND BENTSEN

It will be interesting to see what kind of damage the ghost of Robert Bork can do over the next six years to the Southern Democratic senators who did him in last year. Their constituents may finally have come to understand that while Southern Democrats often vote as conservatives on matters affecting the economy and national defense, on social issues they now dance to the tune called by the party's national power structure.

With the exceptions of Ernest Hollings and David Boren, the herd stayed together to trample over Bork's carcass -- a dispiriting display of political cowardice by representatives of the region that has produced so many exemplars of physical courage on the battlefield.

Only one of the poltroons will be called to account this year, Lloyd Bentsen of Texas, who will try to retain his Senate seat while also running as Michael Dukakis' vice president. Prior to his selection by Dukakis, Bentsen, who has long been enormously popular in Texas, held a 60-30 lead in the polls over his challenger, Beau Boulter, a two-term Congressman from Amarillo. But Boulter's people believe that Bentsen's selection to the national ticket and his inevitable neglect of Texas will mean a narrowing in the poll numbers of up to 15 percent, with accompanying benefits for Boulter fund raising.

If Boulter can make a race of it, he thinks Bork may be the issue that gets him over the top, and he intends to administer the good judge to Bentsen like a tire iron at every opportunity. Along with Louisiana's Bennett Johnston, Bentsen was the first of the so-called Southern swing votes to come out against Bork, and his decision essentially sealed the judge's fate. Bentsen also managed to get on record with a few choice samples of the jabberwocky that emits from the solons when they are brought under the unnerving gaze of civil rights pressure groups. On one occasion he declared that the Supreme Court would be a law and order Court whether Bork was confirmed or not. Had he bothered to look into the matter, he would have found that on virtually every issue concerning the rights of criminals -- the constitutionality of the death penalty, the exclusionary rule and the like -- the court was split 4 to 4. Whether the new Court could be characterized as solicitous of law and order depended entirely on who filled Lewis Powell's seat.

Bentsen, Johnston, Heflin, John Breaux, Richard Shelby, and the rest of the Southern Democrats will all have to account for their votes against Bork. Johnston, for one, has already been feeling the lash from his hometown newspaper, the *Shreveport Times*, and his critics haven't yet unloaded both barrels on him. A form letter he sent constituents containing outrageous distortions of Bork's record will provide ample fodder in Louisiana's 1990 senatorial election.

Perhaps the sternest retribution, though, will fall upon the one Southern Republican to abandon his president's nominee, Virginia's John Warner. Warner likes to tell constituents that he looked Bork right in the eye after an exhaustive interview and told the judge he could not in good conscience vote for him. As Bork remembers the episode, it was a perfunctory meeting of a few minutes covering no substantive matters, and the Senator noticeably avoided any eye contact. Virginia conservatives will not soon forget this performance by the man whose current embarrassment is the revelation in Christopher Matthews' widely-read book, *Hardball,* that Warner, while at Washington and Lee University, had matched up rosters of all the freshman women in surrounding girls' schools with the Social Register. This all-American entrepreneur's labors bore fruit with a marriage to one of the Mellon heirs.

The frumpy Bork, an Eastern Establishment intellectual to his core, cannot in any sense be called a Southerner. But his rejection may well grate on the South more than that of a Southerner dispatched by the Senate on the flimsiest of pretexts, South Carolina's Clement Haynsworth. The Nixon nominee was a quite competent, even distinguished jurist, (the case for G. Harrold Carswell, Nixon's other defeated Southern nominee is not so easy to make), well qualified to sit on the High Court. But no one has ever been more qualified to join the Court than Bork. Nobody has been more alert or more intellectually forceful in calling the libs on their attempts to sneak their agenda past the democratic processes and in the back door of the federal courts. If the South is indeed the bastion of respect for constitutional order that we like to think, then Southern voters will have the rejection of Robert Bork in their craws for many a year.

—Gordon Jackson

TRIVIUM

TOM LANDESS

Tom Landess is on leave from the ***Partisan*** *while occupying a post with the government in Washington. Matthew Sandel will be standing in for our Associate editor during his absence.*

SATURDAY MORNING SHOCKER

The Mississippi-based American Family Association is at it again making trouble for the friendly, down-home folks who run CBS.

This time the question is: Did Mighty Mouse sniff cocaine on Saturday morning television—with America's kids watching?

Don Wildmon of the AFA says "yes." CBS says "no." And when the story first broke, the national press took the side of CBS, laughing at the spectacle of a Mississippi preacher who found nastiness and evil in the least likely of places — Saturday morning cartoons. Then, as the story unfolded, the laughter stopped and the national media made a circle out of their wagon train and clammed up, hoping them Indians would eventually give up and go home.

Wildmon, who has attacked wagon trains before, sent press releases and still photographs to conservative columnists and commentators around the country. The more people looked at what Mighty Mouse was doing, the more they blinked their eyes. Local television stations, some of them CBS affiliates, asked for copies of the film in order to make up their own minds—and CBS refused.

Then network officials made a big mistake: they tried to explain. In an effort to justify the cloud of something that clearly went up Mickey Mouse's nose, a network vice president claimed it was "lucky cheese." But as soon as he had released the letter, producer Ralph Bakshi told an interviewer it was "crushed flowers." So the vice president wrote a letter, saying it was a combination of both, plus some tomatoes. Wildmon released all three explanations to the press.

He also gave out some background information on Bakshi, who has been around for a good many years, making peachy-keen cartoons. For example, it was he who produced "Fritz the Cat," an X-rated feature-length, animation that showed obscene sexual activities between animals of more than one species. He also made "Coonskin," full of stereotypical Blacks whose depiction incurred the wrath of the Congress of Racial Equality and forced the film's withdrawal. Another of his cartoons depicted God having sexual intercourse with a woman, then being killed by His Son. So a little cocaine sniffing for Ralph Bakshi was really small potatoes.

In the continuing dialogue, such as it was, CBS offered to provide a private Washington screening for Wildmon and Accuracy in Media's Reed Irvine, perhaps to suggest that neither men had seen what they were criticizing. Wildmon and Irvine, who had watched their own film maybe eighty times, asked if they could bring a few friends to the show. CBS agreed, as long as no newspeople were present. So Wildmon and Irvine asked half the government, and at least one Congressman actually showed up, as well as a number of staff members from the House and Senate. After the screening was over, virtually everyone was in agreement: they had witnessed a cocaine sniffing.

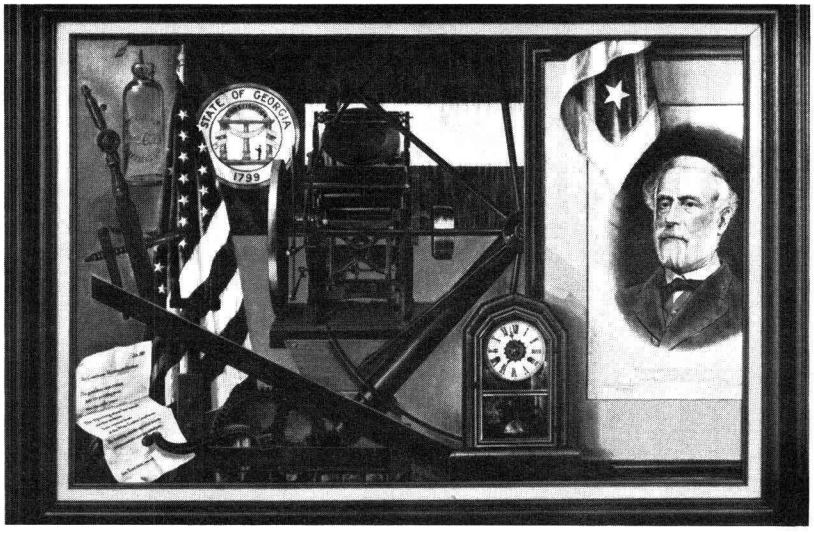
At this point everybody at CBS and in the media establishment went silent. CNN, who had sent a crew to cover the event, interviewed Congressman Gilman of New York, heard him call for an apology from the network, and promptly filed the tape in the darkest corner of their deepest closet. And no national newspaper or television network picked up on the releases that followed. So you see, it *never happened.*

If all of this seems like a trivial matter, remember that too many American children know by the age of 10 what it means to pile powder on the palm of your hand and inhale the substance. They have seen their older brothers and sisters sniffing cocaine, perhaps even their parents. So when Mighty Mouse seems to be doing the same thing, what does such behavior say to small children?

Perhaps another question is even more to the point: "Who does CBS think they are?" Their implicit reply: "CBS can do anything it wants to. As for public opinion, what we permit is permissible, and what we forbid is outrageous. Anyone who disagrees with us is bigoted and fanatic. If he is in public life we will smear his name and drive him from office. If he is a private citizen, we will ignore him."

In case you want to know the sponsors of this hilarious little show, according to the AFA they are: Phillip Morris-General Foods and R.J. Reynolds-Nabisco.

OBITER DICTA



THE GREAT GEORGIA STAMP CONTROVERSY

Now it's official. The United States Postal Service wants to stamp out the South. At least in Georgia.

Here's what happened: Jon Toorchen, an artist from Cleveland, Georgia, submitted the design you see illustrated on this page to the Citizen's Stamp Advisory Committee, a group chosen to help the Post Office select a special stamp celebrating the bicentennial of Georgia'a ratification of the Constitution.

Sleuths for the *Partisan* obtained a copy of the letter Mr. Toorchen received from U.S. Postmaster General Albert V. Casey. In part, the letter read: "[The Committee] took the position that it would be in poor taste to celebrate Georgia's joining the Union with a stamp that alludes to its subsequent secession from the Union. I agree with this position and have directed the Committee to look elsewhere for a Georgia Statehood stamp design."

So there you have it. The boys at the Post Office think that Robert E. Lee is in poor taste. Apparently they think history itself is in poor taste, since Georgia did in fact secede and participated gallantly in a War that has been the single most important defining experience in the history of America. Maybe the Committee would have preferred the image of General Sherman who executed so faithfully the tasteful policies of the Union across the face of Georgia.

Of course, it doesn't really matter that they declined to display General Lee on their little stamp. Most of the stamp designs selected recently have either been frivolous or overt panderings to special interest groups. General Lee deserves better company.

And besides, the bicentennial will probably be over by the time the letters are delivered.

Information on the print above may be obtained by contacting the artist, Jon Toorchen, at Route 4, Box 4840, Old Blue Creek Road, in Cleveland, Georgia 30528. His telephone number is (404) 865-5340.

KOCH HISTORY

New York Mayor Ed Koch explained that he preferred Senator Sam Nunn (D-GA) for Vice-President over Senator Albert Gore (D-TN) because as a Tennessean, Gore would fail to be perceived as a Southerner. "Tennessee," the Mayor explained, "was with the North in the Civil War, not with the South." When this was questioned, he went on to say that "Tennessee was not a part of the Confederacy. I'm just saying that Tennessee is a border state that is not a part of the Confederacy." In covering the statement of the Mayor, his hometown paper, the *New York Times,* pointed out that Tennessee seceded in 1861 and furnished 30,000 to the Union but voted overwhelmingly for secession and supplied 120,000 men to the Confederacy.

ELVIS ALIVE IN THE NORTH

Louise Welling claims she recently saw Elvis Presley at the Thrifty Acres grocery store in Kalamazoo, Michigan. She is one of hundreds that say they have seen the King of Rock 'n' Roll alive. Another is Major Bill Smith who produced "Hey, Baby" and other early hits, and calls himself one of Elvis' longtime friends. He strongly disputed the Welling claim, however, saying: "Elvis is a Southerner, and he wouldn't be caught dead north of the Mason-Dixon Line, let alone in some Yankee supermarket."

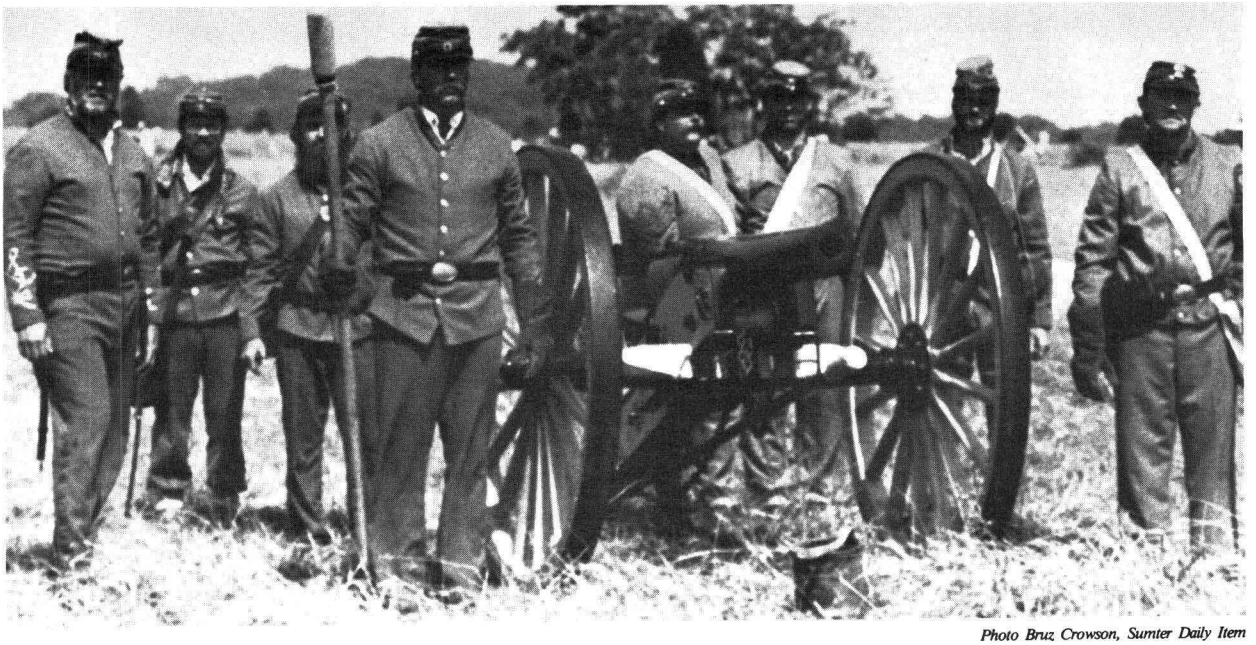


Photo Bruz Crowson, Sumter Daily Item

HOW TO WIN THE SOUTH

George Bush Campaign Manager and South Carolina native Lee Atwater plans to borrow strategy from a great Confederate General (*the* greatest?) and to go on the attack quickly against Democratic nominee Michael Dukakis. "I follow the Nathan Bedford Forrest formula--get there firstest with the mostest," Atwater said. Certainly this is a needed inspiration for the Bush camp. Forrest was no wimp.

Georgia Congressman Newt Gingrich might have beaten Atwater to the punch. He called a press conference recently to discuss Mr. Dukakis' veto of a bill requiring teachers to lead school children in the Pledge of Allegiance at the beginning of every school day. According to his veto message, Dukakis opposed the measure because of legal advice that such a requirement would violate First Amendment rights. Gingrich explained: "When the country realizes that the [Yankee] lawyers who advised [Dukakis] to veto that bill are the people he'd put on the Supreme Court, we've won the South."

THE McSOLDIERS

ABC News whined in an all too familiar tone that "they are still fighting the Civil War" in Pennsylvania. And so they did. On June 24-26, near its 125th Anniversary, the Battle of Gettysburg was re-enacted. According to ABC News, of the 8,000 participants, there were three times as many Southern re-enactors as Yankees. (Our odds are getting better all the time.) The most interesting part of the news story, however, was the report on breakfast. The Southern troops dined on grits and eggs which they whipped up in camp the old-fashioned way. The men of the Union went to McDonald's. The Yankees re-enacted more than they realized.

88
NOW ENTERING THE SOUTH
WE NEVER SEEM TO HANDLE THAT SHARP TURN VERY GRACEFULLY!...
DEMOS
ESPECIALLY AFTER GOING 100 M.P.H. IN THE OTHER DIRECTION!

Credit: *San Diego Tribune*/Copley News Service

ANOTHER SOUTHERN FIGHT SONG FROM HANK

The *Partisan* Song of the Summer goes to Hank Williams, Jr. for his new release, *If the South Woulda Won*. You'll have to buy the record to get the full effect, but here are a few lines:

If the South Woulda Won, we'da had it made
I'd probably run for President of the Southern States...

I'd make my Supreme Court down in Texas
And we wouldn't have no killers gettin' off free
If they were proven guilty, then they would swing
quickly, instead of writin' books and smilin' on TV

We'd all learn Cajun cookin' in Louisiana,
And I'd put that capital back in Alabama
We'd put Florida on the right track, 'cause we'd take
Miami back, and throw all them pushers in the slammer.

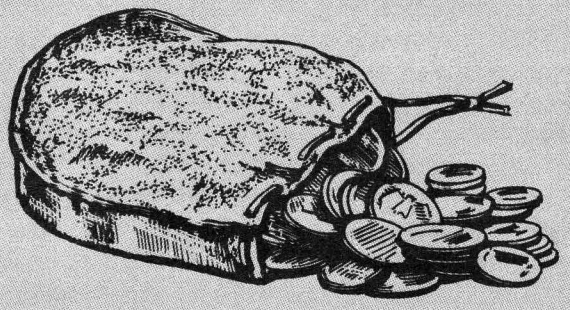
A POSITIVE SHIFT

No matter who is elected in 1988, things look better for 1992. That is because, according to recent projections, 10 Congressional seats will shift to the South...more than to any other region. The West will gain 6 seats. The big losers will be the Northeast and Midwest, which will lose 7 seats and 10 seats, respectively. People are voting with their feet.

SOUTHERN MOURNING FOR WRIGLEY FIELD

The lights will soon go up at Wrigley Field in Chicago. And going up with them will be the crime rate. Opponents of the lights argue that the family atmosphere fostered by daytime games will disappear and only muggers will benefit from the change. So, from points South, we say good-bye to daytime ball in the Windy City and watch as the clouds continue to darken over life in the big city.

SCALAWAG AWARD



We didn't much like the group of Democrats who surrounded Jimmy Carter back in the 1970's. But, by comparison to the Dukakis Democrats who surfaced at the Democratic National Convention in Atlanta this year, Jimmy's crowd is looking better by the minute.

The convention's chief executive officer was Dr. Donald Lionel Fowler, a South Carolina PR man known for his limited political judgment and his unlimited loyalty to the Democratic Party. Fowler is on record issuing forth turgid praise for every failed Democrat who has sought the presidency in the past two decades. And now Fowler, the Humphrey-McGovern-Mondale man, has been dusted off by the Dukakis campaign and offered to the press as a fresh, new spokesman for "the party of the future."

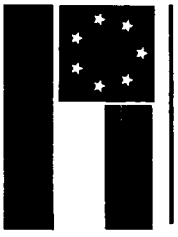
And what did Mr. Fowler have to say about the 1988 Democratic Party? "You won't hear **DIXIE** and you won't see any Confederate flags at this convention," Fowler boasted. This man for all Democrats prefers the new Atlanta, the South of Henry Grady, the city that has "what may be the nation's only sculpture of Nelson Mandella, South Africa's apartheid foe."

Fowler deliberately steered the site selection committee away from Stone Mountain, and he agrees with the Atlanta cabdriver who said, "Stonewall Jackson got run out of this town long ago. Folks around here are more into Michael, Jesse and Maynard Jackson."

This is the image of Don Fowler's Democratic Party for the new South. This is what he calls "the vibrant dynamic party of the future," a party that delights at thumbing its nose at Southern history, Southern symbols and Southern heroes.

Here at the *Partisan*, we're not crazy about George Bush either. But listening to Don Fowler, our Scalawag for this issue, makes us realize that there never has been a time in history when the jackass was a more appropriate symbol for the Democratic Party.

Increasingly, good Southerners are feeling alienated from both sides. The Democratic Party, our home for generations, has betrayed us repeatedly and egregiously. On the other hand, we've never really trusted any national Republican except Ronald Reagan, and he let us down, albeit affably. This year, Bush may win the South by default. Even a yellow dog from **DIXIE** has to be balanced by the rhetoric of Don Fowler and his Dukakis Democrats.



CSA TODAY

ALABAMA

Something other than stars fell on Alabama on a warm Sunday in late July. An Eastern Airlines jet came swooping out of the sky, made an unscheduled stop at the Huntsville airport, and disgorged a passenger, then roared off into the sky again.

It seems that an unidentified man had clobbered a flight attendant when he thought he'd been shortchanged after buying a drink. Everybody's being tightlipped about what really happened--the flight was delayed over three hours--but one thing's for certain: Eastern sure picked the right spot to dump this guy. It's pretty near impossible to get a drink in Alabama on Sunday, no matter how much they charge you.

September

14th Annual Old Courthouse Country Fair
(September 5)
Seale, Alabama
(205) 855-4572

Wiregrass Bluegrass Festival
(September 17)
Dothan. Alabama
(205) 691-2647

Heritage Days
(September 30-October 2)
Wetumpka, Alabama
(205) 567-3002

ARKANSAS

On the road to Memphis somewhere just east of Little Rock, Bill Baumiller lost a whole truckload of armadillos. Well, there were "at least twelve of them and possibly thirteen. One may have got out before we closed the door."

"It was a van full of hippies," he said. "There were five of them standing around at the Interstate rest area. It never occurred to me that anybody would steal armadillos, so me and my wife both went to the bathroom. When we came out, all four of the cages were gone from the back of the pickup. I drove as fast as I could, but either they crossed over and went back towards Little Rock or else they pulled off in the bushes and we missed them. I figure 45 minutes after we went to the rest room, those armadillos were shelled and boiled."

Baumiller says he hopes to recover his loss by filing a claim on his homeowner's insurance. He told the *Southern Partisan* that he intends to ask for $6,000--$500 for each of the twelve stolen animals. When asked how he arrived at that amount, Baumiller said: "I figure Yankees would pay at least that much for something as weird looking as armadillos. The Bronx Zoo paid a half million for one of them pandas."

September

Eighth Annual Muzzleloaders Fall Shoot
(September 2-4)
Mountain View, Arkansas
(501) 269-3281

Confederate Air Show
(September 10-11)
Pine Bluff, Arkansas
(501) 536-7600

Arkansas State Fiddler's Championship
(September 23-24)
Mountain View, Arkansas
(501) 269-3851

FLORIDA

The much-heralded ability of Michael Dukakis to speak Spanish won't do him any good with South Florida's Cuban population, not if he keeps saying the same things he's been saying about Central America and the defense program. The Massachusetts governor has publicly opposed aid to the Contras, production of the MX missile, and SDI--all programs dear to the hearts of anticommunist Cubans. Folks in that part of Florida insist on the hard line, more so than in other areas of the South.

Even Congressman Claude Pepper--called "Red Pepper" years ago when he was in the U.S. Senate--has become a vocal anticommunist in recent years, almost as eloquent on the subject as when he is speaking in behalf of the aged.

September

Men's National Slow Pitch Softball Tournament
(September 2-5)
Lakeland, Florida
(813) 682-1141

St. Augustine's 423rd Founding Anniversary
(September 8)
St. Augustine, Florida
(904) 824-3355

GEORGIA

The liberal news establishment--and that means practically everybody except us and Pat Buchanan--is delighted with what Bill Kovach has done to the *Atlanta Constitution* and its sister newspaper the *Journal*. Kovach, who came to Atlanta from the *New York Times*, declared that he was going to bring "world class journalism" to the backward South and proceeded to revive the old-timey attacks that had won Ralph McGill so many Yankee prizes thirty years ago.

For example: a recent story about how white-owned banks wouldn't give loans to blacks with little or no collateral--tough stuff like that. The cartoonist he brought down with him even depicted a loan officer dressed as a Klansman, so you see how creative and innovative the new team is.

But some of the oldtimers are making a fight of it. Lewis Grizzard remains as a thorn in Kovach's side, for example, and there are a few others who meet at the water cooler to plot a revolution; but Kovach may drive them all out in his atavistic rage to return to the Good Old Days. Columnist Rick Allen, who left shortly after the Kovach army arrived, put it this way: "You remember when they pulled the computer (Hal's) memory in '2001'? Well, I think this crowd's in danger of doing it here."

September

Battle of Chickamauga Re-Enactment
(September 16-18)
Summerville, Georgia
(404) 857-4033

Fall Cotton Days Festival
(September 30-October 2)
Marietta, Georgia
(404) 973-6999

KENTUCKY

Former Gov. A.B. "Happy" Chandler, 90, got into trouble recently because he used an ethnic term that is offensive to many Americans, white as well as Black. He shouldn't have said the word. It was an unconscionable breach of taste. However, those who called for his head don't understand how language can change with the years.

His apology should be accepted. After all, when he was Governor it was even permissible to use the word "God" in public without getting sued by the ACLU.

September

Civil War [sic] Battle Re-Enactment
(September 18)
Bardstown, Kentucky
(502) 348-5204

International Banana Festival
(September 19-24)
Fulton, Kentucky
(502) 472-2975

Great American Dulcimer Convention
(September 23-25)
Pineville, Kentucky
(606) 337-3066

Marion County Country Ham Days
(September 24-25)
Lebanon, Kentucky
(502) 692-9594

LOUISIANA

Pierre "Swamp Fox" Lequieu has disappeared into the bayous again, or so local folks say. This time, he says, he isn't coming back out--ever. Not after being rolled by some punk rockers.

Lequieu first disappeared in 1942, after deciding that he didn't want to fight in World War II. It wasn't that he liked the Germans or the Japanese. It was just that his alligator business was going so well he couldn't afford the time off. For the better part of six months authorities searched for him, and then declared him dead. Three days after V-J day he was seen in a country store just north of Baton Rouge, buying salt and flour.

It seems that Lequieu came to town late in July to buy supplies and visit the diner, and as he was leaving he was mugged by what he later described as "three boys with no eyebrows and purple hair" who took over five hundred dollars and a silver identification bracelet. It was then that Lequieu said goodbye forever to civilization.

"I really figure we won't be seeing him again," said Dupree. "It was seeing those punk rockers that did it."

September

Whiskey Pass Invitational Rodeo
(September 2-4)
Grand Isle, Louisiana
(504) 868-3860

Plantation Day
(September 22)
Baton Rouge, Louisiana
(504) 343-4955

Alligator Harvest Festival
(September 25)
Grand Chenier, Louisiana
Grand Chenier Park

MARYLAND

A Chestertown, Maryland man broke into an Annapolis compound and stole a TOW missile carrier, after cutting the chains on the gate. Then he led the police on a high speed chase before he was finally arrested by police officers--though not before he had rammed several police cruisers. (According to Sgt. Major Robert Hooper of the Annapolis armory, the TOW missile carrier is a "high mobility multi-purpose wheeled vehicle.")

When questioned after being taken into custody, the man, who seemed disoriented, told the police his name was Pink Floyd.

September

Defender's Day Celebration
(September 11)
Baltimore, Maryland
(301) 962-4290

H.L. Mencken Day
(September 10)
Baltimore, Maryland
(301) 752-7848

MISSISSIPPI

Word from the Magnolia State is that they have toilet paper again at the courthouse in Canton. Needless to say, everybody is breathing a sigh of relief. The supplier in Jackson ran out of tissue completely, and for a while things were pretty hectic. "It got so bad for paper," said tax assessor Gerald Barber, "we pulled out last year's tax rolls."

September

Muscadine Jubilee
(September 10)
Pelahatchie, Mississippi
(601) 854-5224

Copper Magnolia Festival
(September 24-25)
Washington, Mississippi
(601) 442-2901

MISSOURI

A Postscript: Frank J. Bowl, about whom we wrote in the last issue, has sent us a letter, which we reprint in its entirety:

Dear Sirs:

In regards to your article of fall/winter 87. The skull I found was not found in my backyard as reported but was found in my basement, which I was digging up in order to plant mushrooms. I turned the skull over with a spade rather than a hoe.

It is also not a mule skull as some St. Louis policeman said.

Yrs. F.J. Bowl

September

World Sheep Fest
(September 3-5)
Bethel, Missouri
(816) 284-6493

Cotton Carnival
(September 19-24)
Sikeston, Missouri
(314) 471-9956

NORTH CAROLINA

Mrs. Rhoda Mesh, who lives just inside the Charlotte city limits, wants to find out who ate her 100-pound watermelon.

Mrs. Mesh, a widow who likes to experiment in her garden, had checked on the melon before she went to bed, but when she got up the next morning it was gone. Whatever got it didn't even leave the vine.

"It wasn't human," she said, "unless it was somebody pretty slick, because there weren't any footprints. All I can figure is some big bird, but that doesn't make sense, does it?"

This will be the second year in a row that Mrs. Mesh has missed entering her watermelon in the state fair. Last year her eighty-pounder fell off the back of her pickup as she was pulling onto the Interstate.

"With that red stuff all over the road," she said, "it looked like the world's worst car accident."

September
Fifteenth Annual Bald is Beautiful Convention
(September 9-11)
Morehead City, North Carolina
(919) 726-1855

Southern Women's Show
(September 15-18)
Charlotte, North Carolina
(704) 376-6594

North Carolina Chili Championship
(September 24)
Clemmons, North Carolina
(919) 723-4386

OKLAHOMA

Because of the bravery of Confederate Indians in the past, and because of the recent strong vote of confidence in the Confederate Flag by the Oklahoma State Legislature, the *Partisan* is proud to include the Sooner state in this section.

Last September, the State NAACP demanded that the Confederate Battle flag be removed from a display of 14 flags that flew over Oklahoma from 1541 to 1925, when the current state flag was adopted.

Governor Henry Bellmon rejected any connection between the Confederate Flag and racism, but referred to the brave Oklahoma Confederates as a "misguided rebel force."

In late March, the issue came to the floor of the legislature in a heated debate, with one legislator reacting in Preston Brooks fashion, accusing an anti-flag legislator of impugning his character. The battle-scarred legislator had the last laugh though, as his colleagues approved a bill to require the flying of the flag by a vote of 61-34. The Governor signed the bill.

The last word on the issue came from the State Capitol Preservation Commission, which joined the House and the Governor in supporting the flag.

General Stand Watie, the Confederate Indian, would be happy to know that his battle banner flies in his home state.

September
Remington Park Race Track Grand Opening
(September 1)
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
(405) 424-1000

Chili Cookoff and Bluegrass Festival
(September 9-11)
Tulsa, Oklahoma
(918) 582-6435

SOUTH CAROLINA

On a lonely road in Lee County, late one hot July night, Christopher Davis was changing a flat tire when he was suddenly attacked by a man or a creature he described as "seven foot tall, two-legged, scaly green with red eyes and three fingers on each hand."

Since that night, others have called Sheriff Liston Truesdale to report sighting the lizard man in their headlights at night. "We're running down a whole lot of rumors," Truesdale said, "but these are reputable people." Then everybody in Lee County got really scared when they heard what happened to Tom and Mary Waye's car in the middle of the night parked right outside of their house. "It was just chewed up," Truesdale said. The Sheriff found lots of tracks around the car. "They didn't belong to a cow or a deer," he said. "But it could possibly be a bear."

Matt Knox, a state wildlife biologist, was called in to examine the evidence. He can't explain it. "From time to time we get sightings of bears or Eastern cougars," he said. "But bears aren't green, and they don't have red eyes."

TENNESSEE

In the wake of Albert Gore Jr.'s presidential candidacy, there is a move among conservatives in the state legislature to introduce a law that would make it a felony for a Tennesseean to run for president.

A state senator who preferred not to be identified put it this way: "After 35 years of this, we've got to do something. First there was Kefauver, then Howard Baker, and then Al Gore. And the trouble is there's probably another one waiting in the wings. We seem to have an endless supply in both parties."

TEXAS

As of this writing Texas is a toss-up, largely because Mike Dukakis had the good sense to choose Sen. Lloyd Bentsen for his running mate. Bentsen--unlike Bush--is a true Texan, has a fairly conservative record, is particularly strong on national defense issues, and fought for the Lone Star State when the Eastern bankers were destroying the American oil industry. He has been an effective and well-liked senior Senator.

On the other hand, though Bush is not a native, he too has been a supporter of oil interests and has matched Bentsen in most other issues. Texans are waiting to see what Dukakis will say and do before they finally make up their minds, but they will not give him their vote simply because he put Bentsen on the ticket.

You don't choose Roy Rogers over Gene Autry, podnuh, just because you like Gabby Hayes.

VIRGINIA

The White House of the Confederacy opened to the public on June 25, restored to its wartime appearance as the official family residence of Confederate President Jefferson Davis.

For most of this century, the House served as the Museum of the Confederacy, displaying the largest Confederate collection in America. Closed since 1976, when the collections were moved to a new museum facility adjacent to the House, the Presidential mansion has undergone a complete restoration effort.

The Museum and White House of the Confederacy are located at 12th and Clay Streets in the heart of historic Court End in downtown Richmond. Motorists on Interstate 95 should use Exit 10. Those travelling on Interstate 64 should proceed to I-95 South and use Exit 10. Free parking is available at the Medical College of Virginia deck adjacent to the Museum.

For further information call (804) 649-1861 or write The Museum of the Confederacy, 1201 East Clay Street, Richmond, Virginia 23219.

September
Fifth Annual Civil War [sic] Re-Enactment
(September 17-18)
Richmond, Virginia
(804) 649-0566

State Fair of Virginia
(September 22 - October 10)
Richmond, Virginia
(804) 228-3200

The memory of ten stripling cadets of the Virginia Military Institute who died defending their Valley is kept sacred each year on the parade grounds of Lexington.

Field *of* Honor

By William Hughes

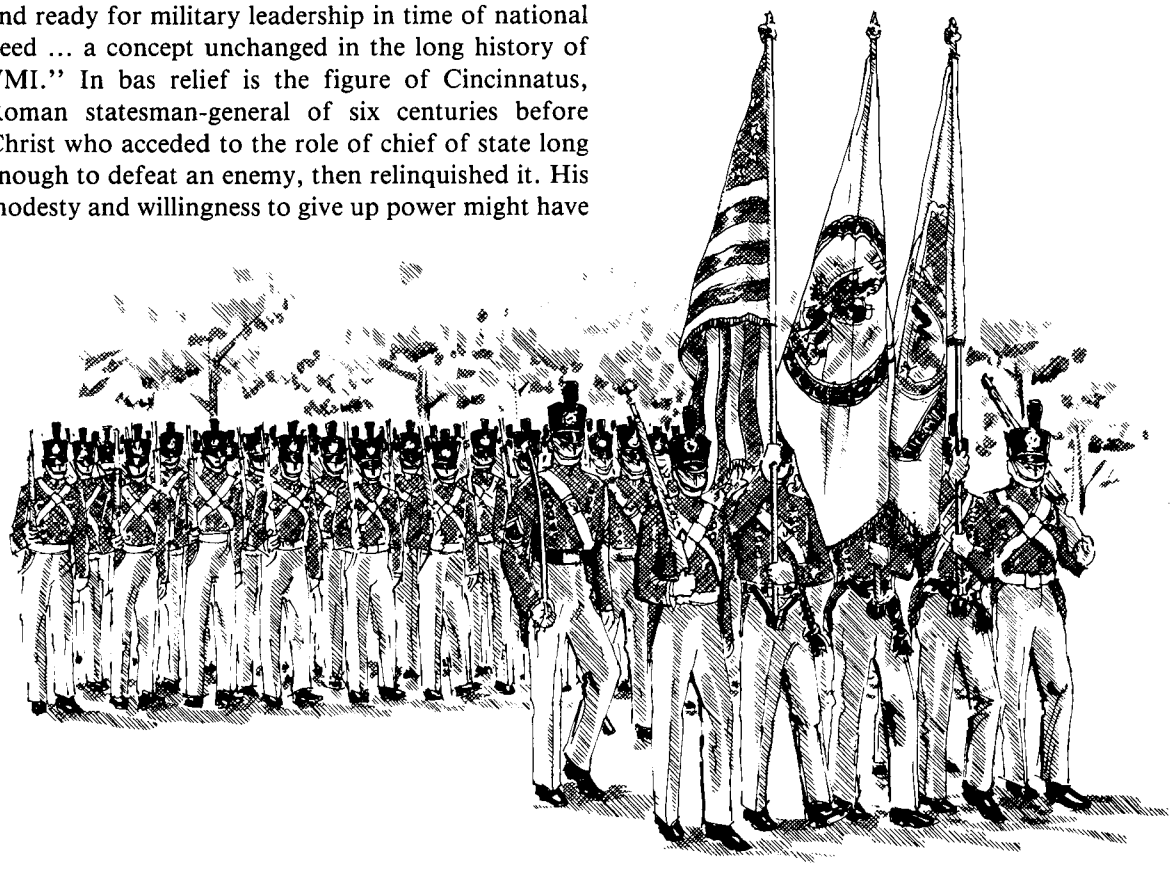
The ceremony attracts hundreds of spectators -- the families of participating cadets, old grads returning to their student haunts, the simply curious, and finally, those drawn by the tale it tells. It speaks through the spectacle of 1300 cadets in ordered, tightly-drawn ranks, of an earlier 260 who marched off to war, and of the 10 who died resisting invaders of their Valley over which the ghost of Stonewall, its acknowledged sovereign, still lingers.

The citizen-soldier has always been the ideal of the Virginia Military Institute. Like Cincinnatus of old, he has dropped his plowshare to take up a sword at the nation's call, to lay it down again once the warring is done.

Words on a polished stone pillar on campus proclaim: "The Virginia Military Institute program is based on the concept of the Citizen-Soldier, a man prepared to take his place in civilian life, but trained and ready for military leadership in time of national need ... a concept unchanged in the long history of VMI." In bas relief is the figure of Cincinnatus, Roman statesman-general of six centuries before Christ who acceded to the role of chief of state long enough to defeat an enemy, then relinquished it. His modesty and willingness to give up power might have been in the thoughts of General of the Army George C. Marshall, whose words are recorded on the tablet: "The citizen-soldier is the guarantee against misuse of power." The young cadets of VMI are never far removed from this venerated source of counsel, for a bronze statue of Marshall overlooks the parade grounds upon which he drilled as a cadet before graduating in 1901.

Since the days of the Mexican War, when 25 of their number crossed the Rio Grande with a small American army, VMI men have taken significant roles in America's wars. This was true of the young cadets of the 1860's who rallied against a foe who dared to tread upon the soil of the Commonwealth against its sovereign will.

To understand the real meaning of the 15th of May we must go back in time ...



Along the Rapidan River in Virginia stretched the Army of Northern Virginia, Robert E. Lee's own, a proud now dwindling fighting force which Union Gen. Ulysses S. Grant proposed to crush. He would make his stage a wildly-tangled, densely-forested swatch known as the Wilderness. Soon it would be aflame.

To the soldier's eye, Lee's left flank was reachable by way of the Shenandoah Valley, a sweep of verdant floor between the Alleghenies westward and Blue Ridge Mountains to the east. Into his master plan for defeating Lee's army, Grant had woven the dispatch of a militant expedition of infantry and cavalry under Gen. Franz Sigel up the Valley to attack Staunton, the Shenandoah's primary rail center; and if that succeeded, Sigel might then proceed against Lee's flank. In either case, some of Lee's overmatched army might be diverted away from Grant.

But Lee was painfully aware that the Union forces, now having crossed the Rapidan in strength, outnumbered his own troopers two-to-one. There could be no diverting of men to protect the Valley -- but it was vital to the Southern cause that the Valley be defended! And those were the precise orders Lee sent the man charged with its defense, Gen. John Breckinridge.

An inventory of troops showed a scarce number of regular units to counter Sigel's threat. There would be some help from local militiamen and from John Imboden's cavalry, but if defense of the Valley depended on what Breckinridge saw about him, the prospects were dim indeed.

At that hour, a remarkable offer came to Breckinridge but not one which evoked from him a matching enthusiasm. Not far away, at Lexington, was marshalled a well-outfitted, finely-tuned contingent of 260 young souls brimming over with Southern fervor and chafing for the action denied them for three years. All Breckinridge need do was give the word and they would be on their way to fill the gap.

The problem, moral as well as practical, was that the unit was tenderly youthful. Breckinridge already knew about the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute. Although schooled in the intricacies of close-order drill and military maneuver, having practiced little else while the real war swirled around them, these young men were untested in battle.

So the general politely hedged. The youngsters could perhaps be used on the outer fringes, to contest Federal raiding parties and chores such as that. But as for sending them against Sigel's veteran main force ... well, that would take a lot of smoking over.

But Sigel had quit Martinsburg and was long on his way southward, and both time and distance were shrinking, even given the reluctance of some of his forward units to venture too far, too fast, into Stonewall's domain.

The closer Sigel drew, the closer came the time for Breckinridge to make a difficult decision. To defend the Valley at all costs meant just that -- at *all* costs. And if that involved the young gallants from Lexington, well, perhaps their offer had been a Godsend, after all. In any event, a galloping courier was soon on his way to the Institute with a message from Breckinridge: "I would be glad to have your assistance at once!"

In the glow of the lantern light, the men of the battalion assembled their fighting gear and gulped breakfast. Daybreak found the unit on the road to Staunton -- 30 miles down the Valley. It was made up of 260 cadets, including Fifer J.W. Crocker, Bass Drummer Jacob Marks and Kettledrummer Richard Staples; two three-inch artillery rifles, horse-drawn; and eight mounted field and staff officers under command of Col. Scott Ship, not yet 25 years old but who looked at the world through older eyes. He had seen John Brown hanged.

With the caissons and limbers of the artillery section rode Lewis S. Davis, who only 28 days ago had celebrated his 15th birthday. Burdened with the pack and heavy Austrian musket, the standard arm of the Corps, trudged Samuel B. Adams, also 15; while up ahead marched the senior of the trio, John Roane, already counting four months past his 15th birthday. Indeed, the average age of those hastening to Breckinridge was seven days less than the average age at entrance of the modern day VMI cadet.

On the march they joined some of Breckinridge's veterans but instead of sharing a camaraderie of fighting men, they serenaded the boys with "Rockabye Baby," a rude and embarrassing reception for the rookies from Lexington.

Ultimately they came, muddy and rain-drenched, to the crossing of two Indian trails down the Valley where a little town of 600 souls had sprung up, at a gap in the Massanutten Mountains leading to Luray. The town was named New Market. Sigel was already there.

The next day these boys won for the Virginia Military Institute a place in history.

These youngsters, charging behind their stainless white banner fringed in gold, shouting their war whoops, looking down the muzzles of Sigel's ugly cannon and not blinking, turned the tide of battle at New Market and sent Sigel on his way back down the Valley from whence he came. *Continued on page 18*

Address to the Survivors of the Battle of New Market

by John Wise
Made on June 23, 1903

John S. Wise (1846-1913) was the son of Virginia Governor Henry A. Wise, and as a Virginia Military Institute cadet, was wounded in the Battle of New Market. Wise also had the unpleasant task, as a Second Lieutenant in the regular Confederate Army, of bringing the first news of the imminent surrender of Lee's army to President Jefferson Davis at Danville, Virginia. He described this experience in his book, The End of the Era (1899).

After the War, he finished his studies at the University of Virginia. He wrote about the University during reconstruction in a second book The Lion's Skin (1905).

On June 23, 1903, John Wise returned to V.M.I. for the unveiling of "Virginia Mourning Her Dead" a statue by his comrade from the Battle of New Market, Sir Moses Ezekiel, who by that time was a world famous sculptor. The statue was dedicated in memory of the ten cadets that fell at New Market. Also present were the other survivors of the Battle.

Wise was not aware that he would be called on to speak, and spoke extemporaneously. His remarks were taken down by one in the audience.

Mr. Chairman and Comrades: The warmth of this greeting and your demand for a speech are both very gratifying; but I am not one of the scheduled orators of our festivities, and did sincerely hope that you permit me to remain unnoticed in my humble place in the rear of the hall. It seems so natural when we are trying to put ourselves back as we were in the days of Auld Lang Syne; for you know as well as I do that I was by no means a tall sycamore in the forest of Cadets, but a very humble third classman. I can not even claim a conspicuous share in the battle which we commemorate. I was one of the first five wounded. Captain Govan Hill, Merritt, Read, Woodlief, and myself were knocked out by one six-pound shell in our first advance. True, I was delighted at the wound, and for thirty-nine years have bragged about it. All of us, in fact, have played that morning's work for all it was worth. But I may as well admit to you that in my heart of hearts I have always known what a small factor I was, and that whatever glory came to me from it was but the reflected light from comrades who bore the heat and burden of the strife....

Our battery halted on the Valley pike the day after New Market. General Breckinridge came by. He paused to compliment them. "Boys," he said, "the work you did yesterday will make you famous." Dave Pierce, sitting on his limber-chest, replied: "General, Fame's all right, but fur Gawd's sake where is your Commissary wagon? We like Fame sandwiched with bacon and hard-tack." I fear we are here, like Pierce, sacrificing our love of Fame to other passions.

In a vague way we have anticipated what this assembling would be. But never until now, as we find ourselves peering into each other's faces for some lingering traces of resemblance to the companions of our boyhood, have we fully realized the true significance of our reunion.

Think how long ago it was when we parted....

General Smith, the father of the school, was Superintendent.

Scott Shipp, then twenty-four years old, was Commandant. Who of you has forgotten him and his dappled gray stallion? Who of you does not sweat freely at remembrance of his battalion drills? He looked older than he does now. Somehow we feared him more. He was then the fiercest, oldest-looking young man, as he is to-day the gentlest, youngest looking old man, we ever looked upon.

Colonels Preston, 'Old Ball'; Williamson, 'Old Tom'; and Gilham, 'Old Gil', were full professors. Colonel 'Git' Massie, that marvel of mathematics, was an adjunct professor.

We buried Professor Stonewall Jackson....

Ah, me! In spite of all this badinage, how time hath changed us!

Then we were young and straight and fair as the buoyant youth who now surround us, the Cadets of to-day. Untried life seemed rosy and full of promise.

Not even the dire disasters of the cause to which our lives were dedicated could extinguish, or much dim, Hope's torch, borne aloft so joyously in the strong arm of youth. Life's sun was rising, sometimes in clouds and storms, but oftener in the cloudless blue which youthful spirits can furnish. Our faces caught its bright reflection as it mounted over the eastern peaks of the Blue Ridge. Whither our journey would lead us--in the freshness of the morning--in the sultriness of midday --in the shades of evening--we knew not. All was speculation--speculation in which hope and the ardor of youthful imagination made day-dreams seem realities.

After forty years, where are we?

Experience has put a period to speculation. Success or failure has filled the vacant spaces in the picture. Joys and sorrows have supplied the highlights and the shadows. All is different--so different--whether it be better or worse--from what our fancies figured in advance.

After weary wanderings back and forth, we are once more passing through the archway; but life's sun now hangs in the Western sky, paling and sinking towards the House Mountains which bound the narrow vale of our earthly horizon.

O Comrades of my boyhood's happy days--Boys! Softly I call the name, because my swelling heart scarce leaves me utterance.

We are standing together once more, boys. Yet what a grim satire it is upon life's quick bud and flower and decay, to hear us greet each other as boys.

In the great plan and decay, to hear us greet each other as boys.

This reunion, full as it is of tenderness, is wet with tears; and even to ourselves, much more so to others, is filled to overflowing with the pathos of life.

Now we know, as never before, that our Jacks and Hughs and Harrys are grandfathers upon the spot where we were once boys together; that we are old men in the places where once, like the boys of to-day, we thought a man of thirty old.

Ah! If this summons could have reassembled here every member of our little band, but eight of us would stand up erect, unfaded by life's buffetings, embalmed in perennial youth, untouched by Time's corroding fingers. And those would be the early dead of New Market.

So we meet, in smiles and sobs and tears. Smiles at many joyous retrospects which our greetings bring.

Smiles at the changes and the flitted fancy that the boys would once more come together.

Smiles that our sons are looking on, half in pride, half in amusement, as we shoulder our crutches and fight our battles o'er again.

Sobs with the sudden heart-beats of old affections flaring up from sockets where they have so long spluttered almost forgotten and extinct.

Tears welling up from fountains of friendship and memory and of grief.

Tears, the mysterious safety outlets of pent-up joy and sorrow, hope and memory, expectation and regret.

Tears! The old man's cheers for living friends of boyhood; his tribute to the absent dead.

We can not disassociate the two, for Time, with his scythe, stands in the gaps of every company to remind us who is gone, as well as who is come.

However joyously our little remnant may assemble, vacant seem these brarracks to us when we remember the throng that has passed through the sally-port to the assembly in the great beyond.

Surely, under some such inspiration must Tom Moore have penned the lines:

'Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!. . . .
When I remember all
The friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one,
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!'
So Hail, Brethren, and Farewell!
Yet ere I close, unworthy as I am, may I not ask this benediction?

May the good God, under whose guidance and protection we have passed through the dangers of our youth, the trials of our manhood, and have entered on the decline of age, still vouchsafe to you His mercy and hold you in His blessed keeping...May the reviving thought of that glorious day of our boyhood, when, cheerfully and unconsciously, we did the work for which we are this day praised, linger fresh and green and comforting in our memories to the last gasp of life...May the story of our little day be an inspiration to the youth of future times to seek the proud title of Cadet in the Virginia Military Institute.★

Continued from page 15

Because of those events on the 15th of May, 1864 in "the fatal orchard" on the forward slope of Bushong's Hill, the Field of Lost Shoes, we stand today on the parade grounds of Lexington. Out of its austere barracks, "The Regiment" marches, through the portals over which is engraved that most magical name: STONEWALL JACKSON.

In the lead is the regiment band. It plays "Shenandoah," the haunting river chantey first sung by keel boaters, now by all who love the Great Valley of Virginia, through which courses the river of the Indian. It is a melancholy moment tinged with memory and gilded in reverential splendor.

The tune is played slowly at first, then to a quicker tempo as "The Regiment" flows onto the field and aligns itself by platoons, three to a company; by companies, three to a battalion; by battalions, three to the full regiment. Now they stretch from end to end in solemn ranks. Each man is attired in plumed shako, cadet gray coatee, white duck trousers, crossed white belt with black cartridge box and carries an infantry rifle.

The Regimental Commander calls for the report by companies. From the front rank of Company A a designated first classman steps forward one pace at the trail arms, then brings his rifle smartly to "Present arms": "Corporal Atwill, died on the field of honor, sir!"

Along the broad regimental front, through the ranks of the first four companies, other first classmen-designates perform a like ritual, arms at salute: "Private Haynes ... Private Jefferson ... Private McDowell ... died on the field of honor, sir!"

It is the honored requiem for the Ten of New Market.

The names drift on a gentle breeze over the field from out of the Valley.

At a brooding statue of "Virgina Mourning Her Dead", just across Letcher Avenue, come rifle salutes and the laying of sprays of red, white and yellow flowers -- the colors of the Institute -- at the six graves along its base. Weathered headstones carry the names of Atwill, Crockett, Jefferson, Jones, McDowell and Wheelwright. They are the only ones buried at VMI.

Finally, down tree-lined Letcher Avenue, behind their great band once again sounding "Shenandoah", behind the spotless white New Market flag with its gold fringe and the colors of their nation and of the Commonwealth, move the tight lines of "The Regiment," in that fascinating, undulating motion of marching infantry in perfect step, rippling, swaying, cadenced tread upon the pavement until at last they turn and pass through the Washington Arch leading into their stern quadrangle. There they melt once again into the fact and fable of the Institute -- into their Nirvana.

The ceremony is over and you wish that it were not. The wind still blows from the hills beyond, shrouded in mystical haze. The figure of Thomas Jonathan Jackson, high on its granite pedestal, flanked by four now-muted guns which were his teaching tools, stares over the field and, beyond it, to the Valley; and you sense, without having to be told, he is still its lord and master.

"Atwill, Haynes, Jefferson, McDowell, Stanard, Wheelwright, Cabell, Crockett, Hartsfield, Jones ... died on the field of honor, sir!"

These ten fell at New Market, Virginia, on the North American continent in May 1864. They died on the field of honor.

ATWILL, S.F., CORPORAL, COMPANY A ... Samuel Francis Atwill, 18. Born Westmoreland County, Virginia. Suffered a wound in the leg, which was judged not serious. He was promoted to cadet sergeant. The wound refused to heal. Tetanus developed; two months and five days later he died.

HARTSFIELD, A.C., PRIVATE, COMPANY B ... Alva Curtis Hartsfield, 19. Born Wake County, North Carolina. Wounded at New Market and on return to Lexington, hospitalized with measles. Granted furlough on the way home he collapsed on a Petersburg street. Five weeks after the battle he died. His death was attributed to aftereffects of the battle.

HAYNES, L.C., PRIVATE, COMPANY B ... Luther Cary Haynes, 19. Mortally wounded at New Market, he died a month later in Richmond.

JEFFERSON, T.G., PRIVATE, COMPANY B ... Thomas Garland Jefferson, 17. Born Amelia County, Virginia. In the Bushong "fatal orchard" he sus-

tained a chest wound and after fighting, he was found lying in a hut by a comrade. Carried to a nearby home where he could be tended to, two nights later, while the Bible was being read, Jefferson cried out for a light, even as his own flickered out. As a final, tender rite a comrade washed his body, then cut a lock of his hair to be sent to his mother. That comrade was Moses Ezekiel, who years later would sculpt the figure of "Virginia Mourning Her Dead", in whose shadow the body of Thomas G. Jefferson lies under eternal watch-care.

McDOWELL, W.H., PRIVATE, COMPANY B ... William Hugh McDowell, 17. Born Iredell County, North Carolina. He fell with Cabell and Stanard, in the fields at the Bushong house. In his final agony, he ripped his jacket and shirt to bare his breast. Those who found him said he seemed peacefully asleep.

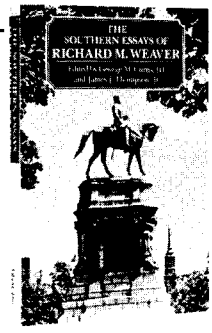
STANARD, J.B., PRIVATE, COMPANY B ... Jacqueline Beverly Stanard, 19. Born Orange County, Virginia. Died in the "fatal orchard". Around a guard fire the night before the battle he related an augury of death. Thirty-four years later a still grieving comrade of New Market, Henry Wise, would write: "A truerhearted, braver, better fellow never died than Jacquelin (sic) B. Stanard ... Poor Jack! Playmate, room-mate, friend -- farewell..."

WHEELWRIGHT, J.C., PRIVATE, COMPANY C ... Joseph Christopher Wheelwright, 17. Born Westmoreland County, Virginia. Severely wounded at New Market, with eight others he was moved to Harrisonburg, where the Institute's surgeon, R.L. Madison, judged his wound "probably mortal". That judgment was not flawed. Eighteen days after New Market Wheelwright was dead.

CABELL, W.H., FIRST SERGEANT, COMPANY D ... William Henry Cabell, 18. Born Richmond, Virginia. At the time of the march to New Market he was under medical treatment, not well. Charging Sigel's guns, he was struck by a cannonball. His own brother discovered him, "his head pierced and torn by a fragment of shell". His body was interred on the battlefield. Afterward he was moved to Hollywood Cemetery at Richmond, to lie beside his mother.

CROCKETT, C.G., PRIVATE, COMPANY D ... Charles Gay Crockett, 17. Born near Wytheville, Virginia. With Cabell and Jones, he advanced to within 400 yards of the enemy lines when a shell claimed all three.

JONES, H.J., PRIVATE, COMPANY D ... Henry Jenner Jones, 17. Born King William County, Virginia. Alongside Cabell and Crockett he was found. "A blanket would have covered the three". ★



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THE SOUTHERN ESSAYS OF RICHARD M. WEAVER

Foreword by George Core
Edited with Preface by George M. Curtis, III and James J. Thompson, Jr.

Richard M. Weaver (1910-1963) was one of the leading figures in the post World War II development of an intellectual, self-conscious conservatism, and his most important and widely cited book, *Ideas Have Consequences* (Chicago, 1948), is still in print.

Weaver's appreciation of liberty was rooted in his understanding of Southern history. This collection of fourteen of Weaver's essays on the South and Southern history is presented in demonstration of George Core's point that "few critics of the South rival Richard Weaver in comprehensiveness of vision and depth of thought...."

Among the essays included are "Lee the Philosopher" (1948), "Agrarianism in Exile" (1950), "The Tennessee Agrarians" (1952), "The South and the American Union" (1957), and "Two Types of Individualism" (1963).

George M. Curtis, III is Professor of History at Hanover College and James J. Thompson, Jr., is Book Review Editor of *The New Oxford Review.*

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Almost ten years ago, an important new book by Otto Scott, entitled *The Secret Six*, was published by *Times Books* of New York and then mysteriously withdrawn.

Immediately after that, Otto Scott's *The Secret Six* became a collector's item. For years, we received letters at the *Partisan* asking for help in finding copies of the work. In *The Secret Six* Otto Scott told the story of the murderer John Brown and traced the roots of modern terrorism, as well as Abolitionism, to a group of religious heretics in New England who financed Brown's bloody campaign.

For a while, it appeared that this important volume in Scott's "Sacred Fool Quartet" would be lost. Now we are delighted to announce that *The Secret Six* is available again in a new edition published by the Foundation for American Education (see the advertisement at the end of this article).

Directly from the author's pen, here is the story of how *The Secret Six* nearly fell into the memory hole and how difficult it is for any writer to publish the truth when the truth contradicts the superstitions of the Yankee Establishment.

The Return of John Brown and the Secret Six

By Otto Scott

I. I know of no country where there is so little independence of mind and real freedom of discussion as in America...an author may write what he pleases, but woe to him if he goes beyond [the barriers]...he is exposed to continued obloquy.

—Alexis deTocqueville
Democracy in America

When the late Dr. Gilman Ostrander was a graduate student, he wrote about John Brown's visit to Concord, Massachusetts in the week of March 9, 1857.

In his college paper, Ostrander described Brown's appointments with the Rev. Ralph Waldo Emerson, the Rev. William Henry Channing (nephew of the Rev. William Ellery Channing and cousin of the Rev. Thomas Wentworth Higginson), Bronson Alcott and other famous Transcendentalists.

According to Ostrander's account, Brown received a warm welcome in Concord. He spent the first night at Franklin Sanborn's (Sanborn taught the Emerson children), the second at the Channings'. He was to spend a third at the Emersons', but their home was crowded with guests, so the sage himself rented a room for Brown at a nearby farm.

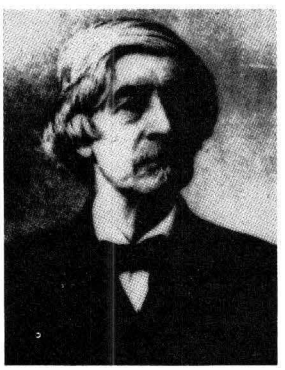
Ostrander continued, in his academic exercise, to describe how John Brown, a practised liar, convinced Emerson and Thoreau that he was "a transcendentalist above all, a man of ideas and principles...that was what distinguished him."

Emerson even characterized Brown "a man to make

friends wherever on earth courage and integrity are esteemed, a pure idealist..." He also, however, quoted Brown as saying, "Better that a whole generation of men, women and children should pass by violent death, than one word of either (the Golden Rule or the Declaration of Independence) should be violated in this country." This bloody non-sequitur thrilled Emerson and Thoreau. They had discovered "a Transcendental saint."

When Ostrander wrote of this meeting in which Emerson and Thoreau eagerly swallowed the lies of a mass murderer and thief, his professor was appalled. Even though Ostrander was careful to say that Emerson regarded Brown's rhetoric as mere metaphor, the conclusion that both Emerson and Thoreau were sympathetic to Brown's terrorism is unmistakable. The professor frowned, and said, "I think you were a little hard on Mr. Emerson," and gave Ostrander not an A-plus, but an A-minus.

Not even the later publication of his monograph softened that sharp lesson for Ostrander. The Establishment had long ago endorsed Brown's terrorism; the murderer was in the historical Pantheon -- and no historical examination that might alter that verdict was encouraged. If Ostrander expected a successful academic career, he would be wise not to dispute that decision. He did not. He went on to receive his doctorate, to become a Professor of American History -- and never again raised the name of John Brown.



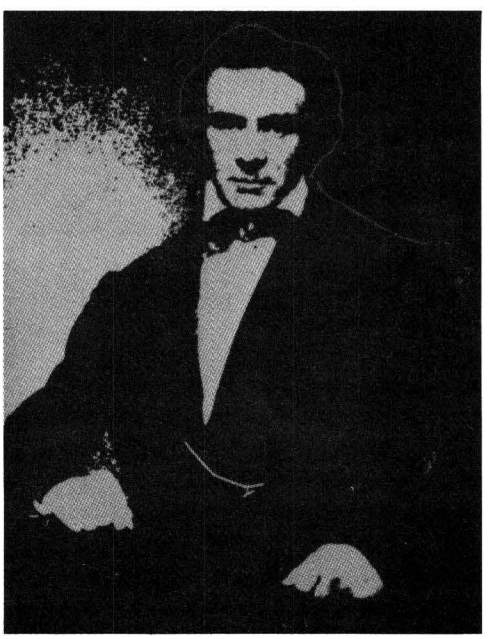
STEARNS **HIGGINSON**

Outwardly staid, inwardly mercurial, George Luther Stearns, wealthy Boston manufacturer (1809-1867), helped arm and finance John Brown. After the outbreak of hostilities he helped provoke, he joined the Union army as a major. Reverend Thomas Wentworth Higginson (1823-1911) rejected Christianity in favor of Unitarianism, helped arm and finance John Brown. As a later literacy critic he altered Emily Dickinson's poems "to make them suitable for publication," became an advocate of women's rights, Prohibition and Socialism. ***Boston Athenaeum***

A decade earlier a truly great American historian, Dr. James C. Malin of the University of Kansas, was taught the same lesson in even more vigorous fashion. Dr. Malin examined Brown's record in Kansas, and published the results through the American Philosophical Society under the title *John Brown and the Legend of '56.*

In this groundbreaking study, Malin demonstrated that Brown was a multiple murderer and robber in the Kansas Territory. Malin traced the brutal murder of Dutch Henry, an early settler and friend of the Indians, to have occurred in the area where the Brown clan settled (on Indian land). He unraveled the lies woven by unscrupulous journalists who shrouded the facts of Brown's crimes from the people in the East.

Unfortunately Malin's work appeared in 1942, a year when the nation was embroiled in World War II, and attention on history was slight. But Malin's book outraged the Academy. Never brought to general attention, it remains a classic of historic investigation and analysis.



PARKER

Reverend Theodore Parker (1810-1860), the most famous preacher of his day, turned against Christianity in favor of Unitarianism, helped arm and finance John Brown. He died in Rome, Italy of tuberculosis after the Raid on Harper's Ferry Arsenal, but before the outbreak of war. ***Boston Athenaeum***

The results were, however, not disastrous to John Brown's memory, but to Dr. Malin. The entire American Historical Association turned its back on his work. His classic work on the Great Plains was ignored; his entire career shadowed by what deTocqueville accurately termed obloquy.

II. ***Historians who write in an aristocratic age are inclined to refer all occurrences to the particular will and character of certain individuals...Historians who live in democratic ages exhibit precisely the opposite characteristics. Most of them attribute hardly any influence to the individual over the destiny of the race, or to the citizens over the fate of a people; but, on the other hand, they assign great general causes to all petty incidents.***

—Alexis deTocqueville
Democracy in America

Dr. Malin's work will last as long as printed works exist. However, it did not cover Brown's career outside Kansas. When I undertook that task, I discovered that New England Abolitionism had been misrepresented as a political movement. When I looked into it, I found myself in a sea of clergymen. Abolition was a *minister's movement,* but ministers of a distinctly new bias: ministers who no longer believed in Christ, or in Biblical miracles, or in the Christian eschatology. Ministers who had abandoned Christianity for Unitarianism; for social "uplift" and, especially, for Abolition.

These ministers had whipped a number of laymen into fevered argument. Such men as Theodore Weld, who once followed the Rev. Charles Finney and Gerrit Smith, who landed in Unitarian circles, and others came to believe that Christianity was insufficiently virtuous. They were convinced, in the words of William Lloyd Garrison, that the churches were "a cage of unclean birds and a synagogue of Satan."

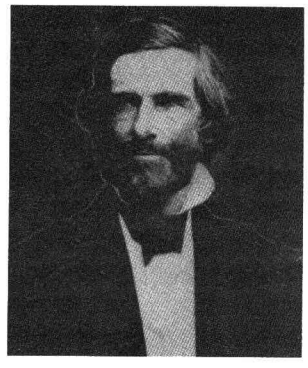
The dictionary term for this is "heresy," which Webster's Unabridged Second Edition defines as

> *...a religious opinion opposed to the authorized doctrinal standards of any particular church, esp., when held by a person holding the same general faith, and tending to promote schism or separation; lack of orthodox or sound belief, rejection of truth; heterodoxy...*

Abolition, in other words, traveled through deeper waters than those usually sounded. Of course all issues are, at base, religious. Official slavery had always existed. In an unofficial sense, voluntary slavery is as old as human nature and seems ineradicable, as any observer of the infinite varieties of male and female servitude can attest.

Industrialization was, by the 1850's, making slavery obsolete in advanced areas. The first industrial nation, England, abolished slavery at home in the late eighteenth century and in its colonies in 1834. The Northern industrial states of the United States had no slaves; did not need them in the 1850's -- and took their technological situation as virtue. But agricultural Brazil waited till 1871 to enact abolition, and Cuba till 1880. The non-industrialized Arabs had slave marts well into the twentieth century. Black Africa had to be forced to abolish official slavery. If technology is ever lost, slavery will reappear.

The Abolitionists were unique in their disdain for the peaceful political methods by which slavery had been abolished by the British: they deliberately chose violence. This gained them more than Abolition: they became masters of the defeated South. The Abolitionists used "higher law" arguments that fit smoothly into the expansionist ideas of Northern politicians, and led to the paradoxical result that although official



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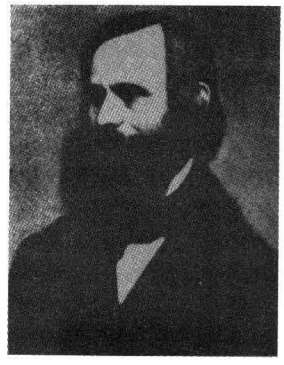
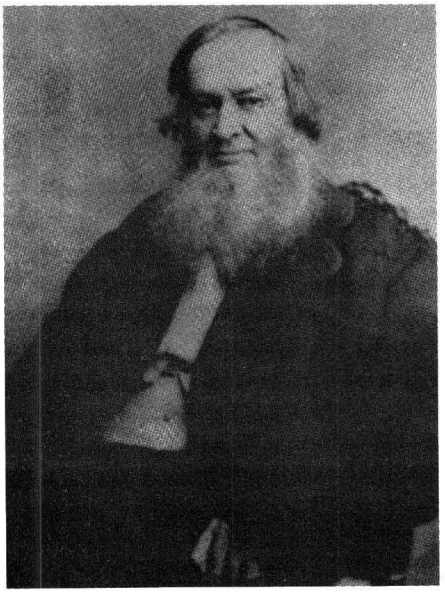


SANBORN

Six foot three schoolteacher Franklin B. Sanborn (1831-1917) married an invalid heiress and inherited her fortune, helped arm and finance John Brown. Sanborn later became a powerful governmental official in Massachusetts, promoting State control of education and philanthropy. Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe (1801-1876), a famous physician and hero of the Greek War of Independence, helped arm and finance John Brown. His wife, Julia Ward Howe, later became even more famous for creating the words to The Battle Hymn of the Republic. ***Boston Athenaeum***

slavery was ended, American governmental power was, in the end, expanded over all Americans -- in the name of freedom.

The costs of Abolitionist virtue ran high. Officially the record is 621,000 dead. But Southern statistics were left in shreds; precise tallies will never be known. All that is known is that the neat, contained culture of New England was shattered by the war as thoroughly as the South was financially ruined. The empty New England farmhouse, the new England spinster, became national stereotypes for over a generation.



SMITH

Gerrit Smith (1797-1874) inherited vast holdings from his father, who had been a partner of John Jacob Astor. Smith helped arm and finance John Brown. When Brown was arrested for murder and treason, Smith fled and feigned insanity. ***Boston Athenaeum***

More costs were entailed than what was visible, though what was visible was tremendous. The Occupation of the South, the destruction of New England's cultural paradigm were all part of a transfer of power from the states to the Federal Government, which became a force that has entered into every crevice of our lives. In effect, the nation founded at Philadelphia and ratified by the thirteen original States ended in 1865.

Retracing the steps that led to this destruction of our First Republic was both exhilarating and depressing. Exhilarating because no other writer had trodden this path before me, although it is well-documented; depressing because no other writer had chosen to do so. Why not? Because it counters the legend of disinterested Abolitionism; of New England sanctity. To walk this path is to discover the turn in the American road from a republic to an imperial welfare state; from Christianity to the New England heresy.

The research grew depressing as it became clear that all American historians know, and have always known, about the Secret Six. The entire Historical Establishment, however, has agreed on the fig-leaf argument that the Six were fooled by John Brown. They were assumed not to have known that his bloodthirsty rhetoric was serious. I found the very idea that six university graduates, successful men of the world, could have been fooled by a semi-literate, unsuccessful, murderous old farmer ridiculous. If they were fooled, *why did they give him guns?*

Suppose they were not fooled. What then? Then, by their own words and deeds, the Six wanted to visit calamity upon the South -- no matter what the cost. The Historical Establishment has known this since 1860 -- and sat upon the information. His professor mildly rebuked Ostrander for approaching this revelation. It ostracized Dr. Malin for exposing Brown as a murderer and robber.

Why would the Establishment do this? Because the legend of Abolitionist benevolence is integral to the legend of the welfare state. It rationalizes the use of governmental force in a "good" cause. It even, in our textbooks, rationalizes a Civil War -- if the outcome leads to the expansion of government and the rise of the influence of the intellectuals.

The lesson America was taught is that "all is permitted if the Cause is good." This is a doctrine that reflects the decline of Christianity, and that has destroyed liberty in our time.

To describe all the political consequences of accepting Brown and the Secret Six as good men would, on the other hand, have extended my book to unreadable length. I had to be content with tracing the *hubris* of a wealthy handful whose ranks included Emerson and Thoreau, whose recklessness led to the deaths of hundreds of thousands, and to the intellectual ruin of the world's most promising republic.

To expect to expose Brown, the Six and also find a publisher seemed unrealistic. The *Secret Six* was the third work in a series "The Sacred Fool Quartet." With Brown, the other volumes included James I, Robespierre and Woodrow Wilson ("Sacred" refers to the modern belief that fame confers a form of immortality irrespective of character or its results).

I was fortunate that Tom Lipscomb, then heading a firm called Mason/Lipscomb, read the "Quartet" in manuscript and was enthusiastic. Unfortunately he also became creative, and changed all the titles. That destroyed the unifying theme of the "Quartet". Next he decided to bring the four volumes to press out of sequence, "to fool the critics." The first (*James I*) was set aside and the second (*Robespierre*) appeared first. Then *James*.

By the time the *Six* was ready, Lipscomb had become the head of *Triangle: The N.Y. Times Book*

Company. He became creative there too, and changed the name of the division to *Times Books,* where Lipscomb was not master, but a head of a division. He reported to Sidney Gruson, a vice president of the Times Corporation.

When I finally visited New York, Lipscomb called in the editors and ordered them to approve the *Six*. I knew I was extraordinarily lucky that Lipscomb did this. Even as he did, however, I felt he would not long remain head of *Times Books:* he was too independent for that conglomeration.

On the other hand, I was equally convinced that Lipscomb didn't understand the explosive nature of the *Six*. In any event, it appeared. But not until after the editors carefully excised every "reverend" in the book, to ensure that the secular myth of Abolition would not be disturbed. They were the sort of editors who prefer to credit significant social activity to non-Christians. I protested against this, in vain. What do authors know about their subject?

Finally the book appeared,in December, 1979, after a mysterious delay of several months. Bookstores were crammed for year-end sales with books already reviewed and advertised. Books that appear at year's end are lost in the rush.

I made another New York trip to inquire, obliquely, about marketing. Tom Lipscomb was rueful. "Sidney Gruson was displeased with the decision to publish your book," he said, "and also displeased over the publication of a book by Howard Ruff. He thought both lowered the tone of *Times Books.*"

My heart sank. I knew that if the boss didn't like my book, it was not going to be promoted. That settled it. I determined that *The N. Y. Times* would not sit on the copyright of my work for twenty-eight years. I later wrote Lipscomb, asked for the rights back, and offered to buy the remaining copies.

Because Tom Lipscomb is a decent man, he acceded at once. I donated the remaining copies to the Chalcedon Foundation, which sold them in record time. Then the book fell, as have so many before and since, into the National Memory Hole.

The Establishment had won again. The significance of the book had eluded the reviewer at *The New Yorker* and other outlets. I had labored in vain. I don't recall if the *The N. Y. Times* sent a royalty statement; I doubt if it did: obscure writers writing anti-Establishment works do not draw much attention.

I was discouraged enough to suspend serious projects for several years. As deTocqueville, said:

> *Public opinion presses with enormous weight upon the minds of each individual; it surrounds, directs and represses him, and this arises from the very constitution of society much more than its political laws...As men grow more alike, each man feels himself weaker in regard to all the rest; as he discerns nothing by which he is considerably raised above them or distinguished from them, he distrusts himself...He not only distrusts himself but he even doubts that he is right, and he is very near acknowledging that he is wrong, when the greater number of his countrymen assert that he is so.*

I came close to this. Not that I was wrong, but I doubted the value of being right. The publishing industry is, after all, only an arm of a larger society. It is dominated by Socialists masquerading as liberals, contains an inordinate number of feminists and submits to homosexual pressures, is heavily influenced by a leftist Academy. "Marketing" men overrule editorial decisions. The emphasis in publishing is on formula products that verify liberal prejudices, that can be hyped into best-sellers.

The *Six* strips the mask from a clerical coterie in New England, circa 1855. It exposes clergymen who lost their faith and decided that brotherly love can be coerced through murder by proxy. The counterparts of the *Six* today fund the African National Congress, and cite Abolitionism as their justification.

The wonder is that an editor in Tom Lipscomb's Establishment position would have dared to publish such a book in the first place. For a long time I regarded the experiment as a failure. The *Six* would remain, like Dr. Malin's classic, buried beyond the knowledge of all but a few fearful scholars.

Then I began to receive a trickle of letters, asking where copies could be obtained. People called to make personal appeals. Finally the Foundation for American Education called, with an offer to republish the *Six* in a new, handsome edition, and to restore the original title -- after eight years.

Whoever said that books never die was, in my opinion, wrong. Books can be murdered. That mine survived, surprises me.

I hope the truth I exhumed and described will, in its turn, lead more writers to take a second look at our nation's history. Not only so that true heroes and villains can be more accurately discerned, but so the failures of the past will not be repeated in the future. So that deTocqueville's chilling fear that the American democracy will end in a tyranny worse than all others, a tyranny over minds and souls as well as bodies, will be pushed back--at least for a time--in this land. ★

Otto Scott is a writer and consultant from Murphy's California. *The Secret Six* is the third in a four volume work subtitled *The Sacred Fool Quartet.*

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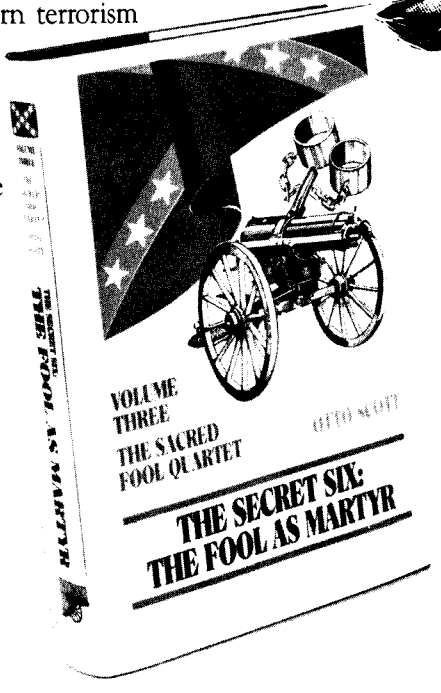

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PARTISAN CONVERSATION

Anne D. Snyder

The rolling hills of the Manassas Battlefield Park may soon be filled with stray shopping carts, blowing trash, and carloads of bargain hunters when a money-grubbing Virginia developer and a group of mercenaries from Ohio build a gigantic shopping mall smack on top of General Lee's Second Manassas field headquarters.

Reenactment groups, preservationists, historians, and just plain taxpayers have organized, across the political spectrum, to form the Save the Battlefield Coalition.

Anne D. "Annie" Snyder is the Chairman of the Coalition. Her address is: Post Office Box 110, Catharpin, Virginia 22018. A World War II Marine, she has defended the Manassas Battlefield from many attacks over the past twenty years.

Though born in the North, she is truly a woman of Southern principle, having recently been awarded the Jefferson Davis Medal by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. She told us that the U.D.C. said, after making the presentation, that she must promise to never reveal her Northern roots.

At 66, she is far from out of steam, running the Coalition from her farm near the Battlefield. Her battle cry to people of the South is printed boldly on all material from the Coalition. It is the same Manassas battle cry as that of Confederate General Barnard E. Bee: "Look! There stands Jackson like a stone wall! Rally behind the Virginians!"

The Southern Partisan's Oran P. Smith conducted this exclusive interview with her on July 6 at the Visitor's Center of the Manassas National Battlefield Park over the Independence Day Weekend.
(Our thanks to Partisan subscriber and Manassas resident Tom Elkins, who contributed this introduction.)

Partisan: I guess the first thing we should ask you is how long you have been in this area.
Mrs. Snyder: I've lived in Prince William County approximately 40 years.

Partisan: A lot of our readers live in different parts of the country, so they don't know the situation here in Manassas. What is going to be done here at the Manassas Battlefield?
Mrs. Snyder: This is the site where the Confederacy won not once, but twice. It is the site of the first battle of the Civil War [*sic*]. That was important not militarily, but because the North thought that the War was going to be that one battle — that they were going to come out and "whup" the South and that would be the end of the War. And as you doubtless know, not only did the Federal forces come, but also all the citizens, the politicians — they brought their wagons and their children and their picnic baskets. They had the illusion that this was going to be some kind of festive occasion. When all the spectators got here and found out what war was really like, they got chased back in absolute havoc. The civilians competed with the military to get across the little bridge at Bull Run headed back to the Union. That was the first time that the country realized that they were in a real war.

A year later at the Second Battle of Manassas, on the same land, and more to the west, both sides had a whole lot of fighting under their belt. They were seasoned soldiers, and they had no illusions. The second battle was strategically and militarily much more important than the first. It opened the North for the first time to Lee. And it was a rough, tough battle. In both battles about 24,000 men were lost, either dead, wounded or missing.

Partisan: In Second Manassas?
Mrs. Snyder: No, in both battles. In the first battle, about 4,300 were wounded, killed or missing. And in the Second, approximately 19,000 or 20,000.

Partisan: Now the mall would affect the site of the Second Battle?

Mrs. Snyder: The site of the Second Battle. Now, to put it most graphically, yesterday I was talking to a reporter from the Associated Press. He said, "Mrs. Snyder, when I came out here, I was pretty objective, but I went up to where the Second Battle of Manassas started, and I looked out at this site where Hazel-Peterson proposes to construct William Center . . . . and I could not believe how something as intrusive and as totally incompatible as a shopping mall and huge parking lots would completely ruin a visitor's ability to visualize that battle the way it happened." That is the whole thing about this park. It's probably the best preserved Civil War [*sic*] park in the nation. And one of the reasons is that the local citizens, the citizens of the state, and the citizens of this nation have fought to keep it this way. And I think it is pretty tragic that the only way we can keep inviolate our nation's landmarks and our natural wonders is for citizens to fight over and over again. This is my sixth "Third Battle of Manassas", and I'm getting tired.

The bottom line in this controversy is that the Reagan Administration's policy toward the park system is obscene. Now, I am a conservative Republican, a lifetime one, and it is very difficult for me to be critical of the Administration. But in this instance, I am. I think it *has* been obscene, and I think what the Department of Interior proposes to allow now (The William Center Mall) is obscene. Three months ago they said that putting a mall there would be "the equivalent of booking a roller derby in the Sistine Chapel." But after saying that, the Department has come up with a "compromise" at the instigation of the developers, Hazel-Peterson. We, the citizens, were not consulted. We support certain elements of the compromise, like closing the roads within the park. (We have long wanted a bypass around the park. Someone can't live next to it, as I do, and see the tremendous increase in traffic and not realize that these roads cannot serve both as tour roads for the park and for a solid, uninterrupted line of traffic for hours every day.) But we are opposed to allowing a mall to be built *before* the roads around the park are in place.

You've got to be a realist. The compromise is not realistic because the bypass around the park has no standing. They've never even come up with a vague estimate of what it would cost. From the standpoint of getting it done, we've met with the Virginia Department of Transportation, the Federal people and others. They plainly say that it will be years and years and years before construction of the roads is accomplished. So, are we supposed to allow a mall that is reportedly going to bring in 80,000 cars on the weekends to compete with our heritage?

Based on my observations, I feel it will take a minimum of 15 years to get the roads in place. I say this because of the interchange down on I-95 in this county which, unlike this project, had the complete support of the state, federal, and local government and it took 15 years.

Partisan: One of our readers from Manassas wrote a Letter to the Editor of the Partisan recently. He said that the whole problem is that Prince William County is trying to emulate Fairfax County.

Mrs. Snyder: Half the people who live out here moved here to get away (from Fairfax County)! Fairfax County is the example *par excellence* of poor planning, overdevelopment, and everything obnoxious you can think of. So, Prince William County residents were infuriated when (County Supervisor Bob Cole, who represents Manassas) said, "We no longer have to be in the shadow of Fairfax County." We very much want to remain in the shadow. We don't want to be anything like Fairfax.

Partisan: Where will the mall be located in relation to the Battle of Second Manassas?

Mrs. Snyder: The mall will be located on a part of the Battlefield, a part that should always have been in the park. The Park Service has tried on three occasions to annex the site, and a 1977 recommendation says that the tract is located within the logical boundaries for the park.

This is the story of the Battle of Second Manassas. The Federals were traveling West to try to join up with (Union General) Pope. However, in the same location, Stonewall Jackson was hiding behind an unfinished railroad cut waiting for Longstreet, whom he expected to see coming down the highway to join him. But he looked out and saw this massive movement of Federal troops, which was a complete surprise. So he didn't know what to do, because Longstreet's troops were supposed to meet him there, and they planned to join up and fight Pope from the other direction. So, as Jackson watched as they went by, it suddenly dawned on him that he had better not wait for Longstreet.

Longstreet did come up shortly after that, and he hid in the forest on this Hazel-Peterson (Developers) tract. Longstreet hid in there because Pope was not aware that Longstreet had joined with Jackson's forces, or even that he was coming. So Pope, when he attacked, came down the Warrenton Pike anticipating meeting Jackson. When he went to meet Jackson, the Southern forces under Longstreet swung around and had him (Pope) in a pincer. That was the mortal blow for the Federal troops the second time.

Aside from being the place in which Longstreet lay in wait for Pope, the proposed mall site is the tract on which Lee set up his headquarters. This headquarters was a lot more than just a tent. All of his

generals met there to discuss strategy. It was natural for a leader to put his headquarters there, because it was on a hill where he could see the battle and signal his troops. Lee could see all the way up to where we're sitting (at the visitor's center). He had a great wide view of the whole battlefield terrain.

I think you can also see how important it is to keep the terrain much as it was for the benefit of visitors and the military. We have thousands of military people come from all over the world because this was considered a strategic battle on a par with Austerlitz.

Partisan: This mall will be built on the site where General Robert E. Lee had a major headquarters?
Mrs. Snyder: Yes, a major headquarters. There was also fighting on it. It is strategically a very important place because of Longstreet's Corps there. Hood's Texas Brigade led the fight.

We also had two field hospitals there. This was as bloody a battle as you'd ever want to see. It took a lot of courage. It didn't start until about 5:30 in the afternoon, but they fought 'til dark. These young men faced off against each other and fired point-blank at a distance of 70 to 100 yards. It was at this point that there were so many wounded (and of course thousands dying) that they had to bring them to this tract, to the field hospital and start amputating. That's why we believe that there were field burials there, because not all of those men lived. We did have a map in 1973 here at the park and it mysteriously disappeared after the developers did their archeological and military review. But I've been told that one has shown up again, and it shows the field burial sites of 166 men.

In 1973, when another developer wanted to build a theme park there, the first thing the Superintendent of Parks did was write to the Veterans (Administration) to say: "Before they start digging over there, what do we do if they turn up these graves?" The land is exactly as it was when the Superintendent found it necessary to write that letter. Or it was until two weeks ago, when they started bulldozing. If those 166 burial sites were there in 1973, nothing could have happened to them in the interim. It was just four or five years ago that a relic hunter turned up a grave. He also turned up buttons, pieces of material, and so forth. That was on a piece of land adjacent to the park that has since been acquired. The government moved quickly to get that, before they started tearing up everything else.

Partisan: What is the current situation then?
Mrs. Snyder: The current situation is that the Congress has introduced legislation, now supported by three Virginia Congressmen, to obtain this land and put it in this park where it should always have been. So, that is the current situation.

The House Subcommittee on Parks and Public Lands had a public hearing on June 21, and they reported it out to the full committee on Interior and Insular Affairs. Originally, there were two bills before Congress. These two bills have been combined. The two bills were introduced by Robert Mrazek of New York and Michael Andrews of Texas. These two men have been in the vanguard of getting something done to protect this park. People say: "Did you go to them?" No, we did not go to them. Lord love them. They are both historians. They were both terribly concerned when they heard about the situation here and they decided to introduce the bills on their own.

We have not needed to ask for help. You cannot believe the number of people who have volunteered. Every kind of service has been offered to us. It is overwhelming. Jody Powell just came in on his own. He is an incredible man. At the public hearing he gave the most moving speech I have heard in years.

Partisan: Now at the same time the bill is being debated in Congress, the bulldozers are rolling?
Mrs. Snyder: That's right. We have two legal firms in Washington working for us *pro bono*. One specializes in wetland law. They instigated an investigation because there are wetlands on this property, although I challenge you to find them in this drought!

The developers are uprooting a huge beaver colony by destroying the vegetation along the banks, which makes it tough for the animals to survive. I don't know where they will go. The people who live around there have watched the beaver for years and they are upset.

Partisan: What happens if the legislation before Congress is not approved soon?
Mrs. Snyder: Trouble. Hazel-Peterson is going to have the whole mall built.

But what mystifies me is that they are moving forward without having approved site plans. I can't understand how they can put in a main road and start the sewer lines with an old site plan. It doesn't make sense. What they are doing is to me questionable. They are doing what they call "priority processing." They have broken down the developers, plans into 15 segments. The county has approved the building of the roads and has approved the building of a tunnel under I-66 and the bringing of sewer and water facilities over. They are doing it piecemeal, and from our point of view, that is disastrous. They have a toe in the door. They can be content to leave the mall until last. Though they don't have site plan approval for the mall, by the time they are ready to build it, they will have 90% of the project complete.

Partisan: It has been proposed that the government purchase the tract in dispute and annex it to the park. How much would it cost the government to buy it?
Mrs. Snyder: It was appraised by the county for about $13.5 million. $10 million was paid for it two years

ago according to the county records. But since then they've put in four-lane roads with curbs and that is very expensive. If we put a few loads of gravel on our farm road, it costs five hundred bucks. That probably wouldn't pay for one square inch of what they're doing. It's a very costly proposition. We have written them and have asked them, in light of the widespread public concern, and the fact that Congress has this bill before it, to wait.

The interesting part of it is since 1986, these people have done nothing on that land except put up "No Trespassing" signs and tear down a beautiful historic home. Anything historical has been torn down. Aside from that, there's been no activity.

Partisan: What activities are planned to promote the effort to save the Battlefield?

Mrs. Snyder: We're having a rally on the 16th with Willard Scott, Tom Wicker, Jody Powell and the Country Gentlemen. And we're having a reenactment camp. They're a great force. Then we're having Jan Scruggs, the one that started the Vietnam Veterans, memorial effort.

Partisan: Has the press been fair in its treatment of this issue, in your opinion?

Mrs. Snyder: I think the press has been very fair. There's a great sense of right and wrong in this thing that is a catalyst in our favor. The American people and the American press are outraged when people get walked over and denied due process. I don't know if you are aware of the fact that this thing was never approved by the citizens. It never came to a public hearing.

Partisan: What can readers of the Partisan do to help save the Battlefield?

Mrs. Snyder: Your readers can write their Senators and Congressman. If a Senator or Congressman gets one letter on a subject, a nice handwritten letter (not a preprinted postcard that the person only signed), he listens. If he gets 10 letters from his constituents on a subject, that's considered a deluge.

So, I've preached the gospel of writing letters for as long as I can remember. Unfortunately, as we become more and more of a TV-oriented society, the art of writing letters is practically dead. But you don't have to be an eloquent writer, you just have to sit down and write: "I am concerned about what's happening on this land adjacent to the Manassas National Battlefield. I don't think this is the place to put a shopping mall. Do something." Or they can refer to the bill, H.R. 4526, which I hope will have passed the U.S. House (of Representatives) by the time your article goes to print. They can say: "Please support this bill (H.R. 4526) when it gets to the Senate." Your elected representatives will listen to you.

Please talk to John Warner of Virginia, and ask him what's the matter with him! I just had a man from Leesburg (Virginia) call this morning upset about Senator Warner's fence-straddling position.

We have received to date 45,000 (signatures on) petitions to the House and Senate. That's not counting children, we keep minors separate. The petition says: "To the United States House of Representatives and to the United States Senate. We the citizens of the United States are very concerned about the proposed shopping mall adjacent to the Manassas National Battlefield Park and we ask you to do anything you can to stop this incompatible development." We've been circulating those since the first of March. They're coming in so fast. We had 36,000 at the (Congressional) hearing on the 21st (of June) and today (July 6) we have 46,000. That's an incredible thing. It's one thing to go around in a place like Virginia where everybody knows the Manassas National Battlefield. I'm sure it's the same in (the rest of the South) . . . It's rare to find a Southerner who didn't know about these battles. But someone out in Montana, Washington, or Oregon going around with a petition has to tell what its, all about. People don't willy-nilly sign petitions. We get between 50 and 100 letters every day.★

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Memphis for the Day

By Robert Drake

"They got those boys out of town--Ed Hutcheson took them to Memphis for the day," I heard my father say to my mother after I had left the dinner table at noon. But of course I knew who they were talking about right away--Brandon Taylor and his best friend, Morton Hutcheson. Because it was the day Brandon's uncle, Guy Taylor, was going to be executed at the state penitentiary in Nashville; and his best friend was Morton Hutcheson and they always went everywhere together and Mr. Ed Hutcheson was Morton's father.

I was ten years old that summer, and Brandon and Morton were on the high school football team; and I thought they were almost as grand as the heroes in cowboy movies on Saturday--tall and rugged and, on the whole, rather quiet. (They didn't talk; they just **did**). And of course I "looked up" to them and decided I wanted to be just like them when I grew up. Now of course you'd say right out that it was all just a phase I was going through. In any case, they were both important in my life then, and I couldn't imagine that either of them might ever do anything that wasn't straight or "clean." I even found it difficult to associate them with anything or anybody that was otherwise.

But it was so. Guy Taylor, Brandon's uncle, had killed a revenue agent from the U.S. Treasury who was after him for bootlegging. And though his lawyer had asked the court for mercy, the Judge wasn't about to grant it: Killing government agents was something you just didn't do back then. And the killing had been such a cold-blooded thing too. The agent had been caught hiding out in Guy's basement, where he stashed all his liquor supplies; and Guy had shot him down right there--just like a dog--when the agent's presence had been betrayed (where he was concealed behind an stack of stove wood) by Guy's own little feist dog. You couldn't have a more cold-blooded murder than that, everybody said; and apparently, the court thought so too.

It was strange, but nobody ever knew what made Guy Taylor turn out the way he did. Maybe there was bad blood in the family way back yonder, people said,and it was coming out now. Because Mr. David Taylor, his brother and Brandon's father, was an upstanding man if ever there was one--farmed his good-sized holdings down in the Mississippi Bottom well and never owed anybody a cent and of course produced a son like Brandon. I even remember one time when my father had driven down to see Mr. David on business and taken me with him, and we got stuck in the sand right there on the bluff overlooking the River, and Mr. David came and pulled us out with his tractor.

But whatever the case, Guy Taylor was the black sheep for that family, and nobody said a word for him: he was just mean, everybody said, always had been--deserted his wife way back yonder and had had any number of minor scrapes with the law before now--always carrying a pistol, for one thing, and occasionally getting arrested for being drunk and disorderly. Just didn't give a damn about anybody or anyhting or so it seemed--a real **outlaw**, my father said. How could somebody like that be remotely kin to Brandon, to say nothing of being his uncle?

Anyhow, the trial had taken place earlier that summer (it was August now), and it had more or less been an open and shut case. The prosecution has asked for the death penalty, and Guy's lawyer had done the best he could by way of defense (had argued for the extenuating circumstances of Guy's being waylaid in his own home). But it was finally no use, and the death sentence was pronounced. "They threw themselves at the mercy of the court," my father said, "but the court refused." And that was about the finalest thing I had ever heard in my life (unless it was the five foolish virgins getting the door shut in their faces); and the only thing I could think of that would have made it more so would have been for the Judge to don a black cap, like the did in England, when he pronounced the sentence.

So now it was the day itself, the day of Guy Taylor's execution. And I wondered whether they would have all sorts of lurid newspaper headlines about him, like "Guy Weeps on Way to Chair" or "Taylor Fries in Hot Seat," or something else equally sentimental or sensational, like it was in the movies. And would they have given him a "hearty meal," like condemned men were always supposed to be fed? (But who on earth could eat such a meal in those circumstances?) And would the preacher walk "the last mile" with him, like Pat O'Brien with James Cagney, from his cell to the

Chair? All sorts of such dramatic questions popped into my mind because, after all, this was the first electrocution Woodville had ever had. And I had seen a lot of movies.

I didn't know when it was supposed to be carried out. Perhaps up in the day and not right after midnight, like the movies always had it. (Otherwise, why would they bother to send Brandon and Morton to Memphis for the day?) And I wondered whether, like in the movies, the lights all over the "pen" would dim a couple of times, to show that the current **was** being applied. And I wondered who would "pull the switch." I had heard they had several men pulling several switches; but none of them knew which was the real one--so nobody would feel any more guilty (or any more innocent?) than anybody else. And I wondered who would be the doctor that certified Guy's death, to say that this man who had been alive and well a few minutes ago was now dead--and all by the legal hand of man. I think that was what upset me the most--to think that Guy Taylor was being **put** to death, **programmed** for death, that at any other moment in his life anybody would be prohibited from harming a hair of his head, but now, for that one legal instant, it was all right to kill him. And, finally, the grimmest thought of all: was he **prepared?** It wasn't as though he didn't know the day and the hour he was going to meet his Maker.

I had heard that the funeral home was sending the hearse up to Nashville early that morning, to bring Guy's body back to Woodville, for a funeral already arranged by his family--a "private" service the next day, I had heard, because they didn't want any publicity about it all, this family who were, except for Guy, otherwise so completely upstanding and law-abiding. And that seemed a horrid thing to do, to "arrange" a man's funeral while he was still alive and well. (Our hometown paper always reported in the obituary notices which undertaker was running things or, as they put it, was in charge of "the arrangements.") And then to think of a funeral all ready and waiting till called for. It was all pretty grisly.

But then so was the dead revenue agent, and you couldn't just let people run around killing other folks whenever they got ready. And it did look like some people were just naturally mean and low down, even from so-called good backgrounds. So what were you to do, just wall them up in the "pen" for life or break their necks with a rope or noose or run a huge electric voltage through their bodies or do them in with poison gas? And you did have to do **something**. One way or another, the revenue agent or you or me or anybody else--maybe society itself--had rights too, the same as Guy Taylor.

I certainly couldn't figure all that out at the age of ten. It was all too deep for me. But what I could ponder on extensively was the idea of sending Brandon Taylor and Morton Hutcheson to Memphis for the day, to get them away from it all. And who did they think they were fooling anyhow? After all, Brandon and Morton weren't just little kids to be taken to the zoo while a close relative lay mortally ill in the hospital. They weren't just like me, when my second-grade teacher had taken me home with her after school, the day of my grandfather's funeral, when I was seven. (I was sorry now I hadn't been allowed to go. Grandpa was the last Confederate veteran in the county, and there never would be another funeral now like it.) And where would they go in Memphis anyway, what would they do?

Would it all be just a sort of outing? Would they go see the Memphis Chicks play baseball in Russwood Park across from the Baptist Hospital? Would Mr. Ed Hutcheson, Morton's father, take them to the Peabody ("the South's finest, one of America's best hotels") for lunch, where they could see the famous ducks in the big fountain in the lobby and hear dance band music in the Skyway up on the roof? I hardly thought that. Or would they go to the Pink Palace, the museum so called because it was formerly the mansion, built out of pink stone, of a millionaire grocer who had gone bankrupt? That didn't seem right either. And just going to a movie or even the glorious old Orpheum, where vaudeville was even then making its last stand, seemed an equally desperate act. Whatever the case, wherever in Memphis they might go, the thought that, at that very moment, Guy Taylor was being electrocuted would never be very far away. They couldn't escape it anywhere; I was sure of that. It was all just putting in time anyway--but not like waiting for the outcome of an election or an operation, You knew what the end would be here.

And what would Brandon think and do anyhow when he heard that it was all over? I couldn't imagine somebody like him bursting into tears--the best man on the football team and already sure of a college scholarship for that reason. And yet I couldn't imagine that he wouldn't be moved either. Of course Morton had been taken along (after all, it was his father, Mr. Ed, that was doing the taking) to give Brandon some sort of moral support. And yet I wondered if they would ever talk about Brandon's uncle, just the two of them. If they were like a lot of grown men I had been around, they would both feel very deeply but maybe never say a word to each other at all. Maybe it was just the fact of their being there together that was important now. Maybe that was what "moral support" was all about.

In any case, I thought about them both all the rest of the day, wondering what they were doing with their day in Memphis--a prospect which ordinarily would

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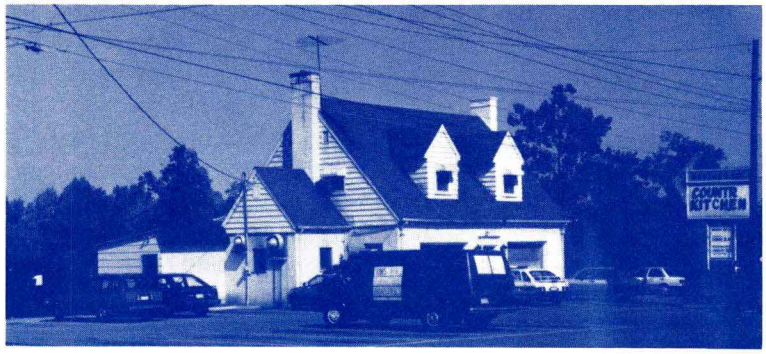


The Country Kitchen of Lynchburg

By Carl Curtis

Eating is a necessity. One of the signs of culture is that it transforms that necessity into something resembling a luxury. In the play *Becket*, Thomas tells the King that at the feast that night he intends to try out his new forks from Italy. Henry doesn't see the point. After all, he replies, you can eat with your hands, wash them off, and be none the worse for it. Thomas' terse answer is memorable: true, he says, but the fork makes eating refined and subtle. That is enough. The use of the fork puts eating on a different plane. It slows down the process of mere mastication to allow other pleasures — conversation and manners not the least — to enter and enhance the experience.

The problem with McDonald's, Burger King, Hardee's and all the fast-food chains of this world is that they have destroyed the culture of manners that took centuries to build and have replaced it with a styrofoam tray and a punch clock. Fast food and quick turnover are their business. Single-handedly, they have made eating a simple necessity again.

Things used to be different. I suspect I am speaking for a lot of people when I say I feel that something has been lost.

In the city in East Texas where I grew up, it was once possible to scan the downtown square and see four cafes, establishments with names like Doc's, Gilbert's, and the Post Office Cafe (affectionately known to its patrons as the Greasy Spoon).

Sure the decor was predictable: booths on one wall, a lunch counter on the other, and tables in the middle. But however uniform their appearance, these cafes did not have the look of the production line that characterizes their plastic descendants of today. Doc's rich oak wainscoting and off-white walls were unmistakably different from the Greasy Spoon's sea green with black trim. As I recall, Doc's had the flavor of the West with half-wagon wheels running perpendicular to the walls by each booth. The Greasy Spoon (though this may be my imagination) looked a little greasy, with water stains on the ceiling from leaks in the roof. But that didn't stop dozens of businessmen from eating lunch there every day.

And then there was the food, unprocessed and unmicrowaved. For an appetizer one had a choice of a green salad or vegetable soup; the entrees were usually chicken-fried steak, grilled calf's liver, fried chicken, or a T-bone, with a choice of two vegetables, the best of which were the pintos, black-eyed peas, mashed potatoes, and greens. Dessert was usually some type of cobbler.

In the summers, I worked as an office boy for my father, and I used to accompany him and his friends to one of these downtown cafes. However limited the menu, I never heard one of them complain. Toward the end of the meal two of Dad's friends each would spin coins on the table to see who would pay for the other's lunch. It was a happy, friendly gathering.

One by one, the cafes disappeared. The Greasy Spoon went first, demolished to create space for a parking lot. Gilbert's went next for reasons I don't

remember — either the death or the bone-weariness of the owner. Doc's held on to the bitter end, going in and out of business, and finally folded about ten years ago. They shared the fate of cafes all over the South, places that used to appear as welcome sights to travellers from Texas to the Carolinas, swallowed up by those monsters of national uniformity, the interstate highways and the fast-food chains. And until two years ago, I'd given up hope of ever seeing their kind again.

About that time, I moved to Lynchburg, Virginia, to pursue a teaching career. Lynchburg is known for many things. To the distance runner, it is the host for the Virginia Ten-Miler; to the Evangelical Christian, the home of the Old Time Gospel Hour; to the history buff, the site of General Early's successful battle against invading Yankees in 1864; and to the aspiring preppie, the home of Virginia Episcopal School.

Today, over 120 years later, a few local cafe owners are fighting a new battle against equally formidable opponents — the fast-food chains — and, like General Early, they seem to be winning. It's a fact Lynchburgers ought to appreciate; and judging from the crowds that fill these cafes each day at lunch and supper time, it's a fair bet they do.

There are four notable cafes in Lynchburg: Country Kitchen, Barbara's, the C&S Cafe, and Clayton's. There may be more, but these are the ones I am most familiar with. By accident (it happens to be a quarter mile from where I live) I discovered Country Kitchen. Had I settled in a different block of the city, I would probably be writing about another cafe. Anyhow, Country Kitchen has become my favorite haunt.

Like the cafes I used to know in Texas, Country Kitchen's decor is shabby. On the outside, it appears to be, and probably once was, a house with a moderately pitched roof and dormer windows indicating a second storey or attic which, as far as I know, no customer has ever seen. The color is pale, rather dirty yellow. The large sign situated in the front parking lot proclaims "Country Kitchen" on one side, but "Countr Kitchen" on the other. When the *y* fell off, I don't know; no one seems to be in a hurry to replace it. After all, Country Kitchen isn't selling its looks.

Inside, one sees what one would expect: booths on one wall, a lunch counter opposite, tables in the middle. The place, however, is not without its individual traits. A chest-high partition divides the tables from the counter; the booths abut two large plate-glass picture windows. There is also a back room filled with more booths and tables for the inevitable overflow crowd. On a nice day the Blue Ridge Mountains are clearly visible.

But scenery aside, it's the food that draws dozens of businessmen, workers, truck drivers, and families to Country Kitchen. The lunch and supper offerings are traditional, except that there is no chicken-fried steak, which, to my chagrin, seems to be virtually unknown in Virginia. That's a small sacrifice. The liver, the fried chicken, the broiled steak (called the "Delmonico") are all there with the usual choice of two vegetables. Perhaps the leading item on the menu — new to this Texan — is fried fresh flounder. The waitresses are polite but never formal. They complement the food.

Country Kitchen has a welcome feature that I never investigated or, if it existed, took advantage of in the old cafes in my hometown. It serves breakfast, probably the best I have ever tasted outside of my Mom's kitchen. The pancakes, omelettes, and cereal are plentiful and good. But the real treat is in store for the lover of eggs. One can order baked ham and eggs, country ham and eggs, sausage and eggs, bacon and eggs, steak and eggs, and (a real delicacy) brains and eggs. With his order, one gets a choice of grits, apples, or potatoes (real potatoes, by the way, not the soggy shredded wheat palmed off nowadays as hash browns), toast or biscuits. Coffee refills are free, and the coffee comes in a heavy white stoneware mug. No styrofoam is in sight.

Usually, I order country ham and eggs with potatoes and biscuits. Recently, however, I broke with tradition and ordered brains and eggs. (I didn't ask what kind of brains they were; it was enough for me to know they weren't human.) This was a daring move. Like most people my age, I'm rather fastidious about what I eat, and the thought of eating somebody's or something's brains has never gone down well. But order I did. The order came — a large plate of scrambled eggs laced with salmon-colored brains. They weren't pretty, but they tasted good. I ate them with potatoes, buttered toast, and coffee, and plan to do so again. The check was around $3.00, cheap for so much food.

Whatever one orders, the portions are more than ample and, hence, conducive to slow eating. The service is fast enough, but curse the fool who ever calls this fast food. One doesn't go to Country Kitchen to eat fast; one goes there to enjoy himself, the way my father and his friends used to enjoy themselves at lunchtime.

Evidently, a number of Lynchburgers agree. I've seen a dozen people lined up outside a packed Country Kitchen at five o'clock in the afternoon, waiting for a seat. It's worth the wait. But don't tell Ronald McDonald; chances are he won't believe you. And anyway, we don't like to see people with orange hair coming into our cafe.★

Carl Curtis, who is now a resident of Tyler, Texas, often goes back to Lynchburg in his mind.

Richard Weaver and the True Southern Spirit

By Michael Jordan

A Review of: *The Southern Essays of Richard M. Weaver,* edited by George M. Curtis III and James J. Thompson, Jr. Foreword by George Core. Liberty Press, Indianapolis, 1987. 286 pages. $4.50

It is written in Matthew 7:28-29 that people who heard Jesus speak "were astonished at his doctrine: For he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes." Certainly Richard Weaver did not speak with the same authority as Christ, yet his writings are astonishing for the same reason: he wrote with inclination, with assurance, with authority, not as scribes of our day.

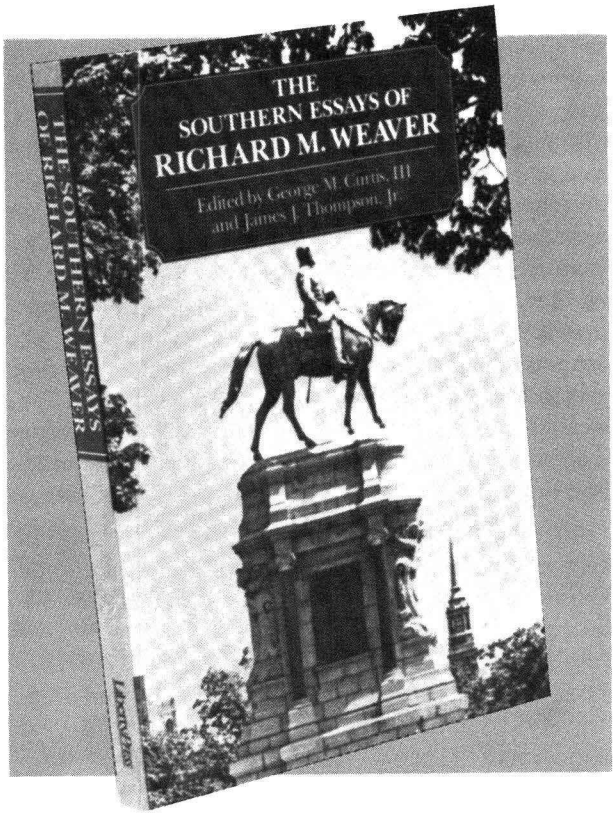
Readers of the *Southern Partisan* need no introduction to Richard M. Weaver, the Confederate Philosopher from Weaverville, North Carolina who spent most of his productive academic career in the Midwest, at the University of Chicago. His examinations of the decline of the Western culture (*Ideas Have Consequences,* 1948), of dialectic and rhetoric (*The Ethics of Rhetoric,* 1953), and of the postbellum South (*The Southern Tradition at Bay,* 1968) are known to a good number of conservative-minded Southerners, indeed, to conservatives all over the United States. Less-known but no less insightful collections of Weaver's writings are *Visions of Order* (1964), *Life Without Prejudice and Other Essays* (1965), and

Language Is Sermonic: Richard M. Weaver on the Nature of Rhetoric (1970). Three of these six books are still in print: *Ideas Have Consequences, The Ethics of Rhetoric,* and *Language Is Sermonic.*

This is not a large body of work, but neither is it all that Weaver wrote. During his relatively short publishing career (1943-1963), he wrote numerous uncollected essays and reviews for university quarterlies and journals of opinion. Fourteen of his essays on Southern literature, history, and culture are gathered together in *The Southern Essays of Richard M. Weaver.* Liberty Press and editors George Curtis and James Thompson should be commended for offering these hard-to-find essays to readers in a handsome, affordable book.

Much of the time Weaver derived his authority from a consideration of the nature or essence of a thing or an idea. In logic this approach is called the argument from definition or from genus, and Weaver thought it the highest order of appeal.

An example of Weaver's use of the argument from definition will help show his preferred address to a question. In one of his Southern essays ("Contemporary Southern Literature") Weaver maintains that



Transcendentalism, which denies the existence of evil and deifies man, presents a false image of humanity. Ralph Waldo Emerson and other Transcendentalist romantics considered only man's lofty qualities and tended to blame all social and cultural ills on traditions and institutions, not on man, who establishes and maintains the fabric of culture. But Emerson's definition of man, says Weaver, is "contemptuous of history, and therefore useless for literature."

Some Midwestern novelists, Frank Norris and Theodore Dreiser among them, erred in the opposite extreme by considering man as a physical creature affected only by material circumstances--the fallacy of scientific materialism, or man as dust in the wind. Weaver explained that Emerson's "Gnostic dream world" and the naturalist's scientific materialism both produce false pictures of man in the world because they fail to take into account the nature of man. Emerson will allow that man is made in the image of God, but not that he is a fallen creature. The naturalists admit that man is made of dust, but not that God breathed His life and form into man. Each is a good half but an inaccurate whole. Weaver was able to detect the fallacy in Emerson and the naturalists by measuring their visions of man against a more complete view.

Where in our literature does one find a more accurate and realistic image of man? Weaver finds it in the work of the best Southern writers, in men and women who write about...

> *an incarnate world, like that which Eliot evokes so subtly in* ***Four Quartets.*** *It is a world of place and time, but it is also a world which includes the mystery of the timeless. It is a place in which the transcendental is apprehended in the actual, and the actual is never without some link to the transcendental. The real and the ideal, the act and the idea, man as he is and man as he ought to be, nature and supernature are presented in their inextricable involvement. . . . The characters in [the best Southern literature] are men in this visible world, not men in an imagined heaven. Yet they are not altogether of this world, since one senses in them a yearning for answers that no amount of bread can give them.*

Although Southern writers generally recognize the lofty, transcendent possibilities of man, they are better-known, and rightly so, for their "love of the particularity of the world," for their accurate presentations of man in his physical setting. Weaver celebrates this apprehension of the real in the fiction of William Faulkner, Robert Penn Warren, Thomas Wolfe, Jesse Stuart, Eudora Welty, Katherine Anne Porter, and Andrew Lytle. Other hallmarks of the South and of Southern fiction noted in Weaver's essay are characters of strong passion, either angelic or demonic, a penchant for "high rhetoric," a belief in original sin and in heroes and heroism, and the "spirit of frankness." Readers of Faulkner, Wolfe, Warren, and Flannery O'Connor to name only four Southern fiction writers, will immediately recall passages which evince these qualities.

For the most part Weaver's writings, especially these Southern essays, demonstrate his commitment to what Allen Tate called "the True Southern Spirit." Writing to Donald Davidson in March, 1927, three years before the publication of *I'll Take My Stand,* Tate announced his opposition to progressivism and his determination to resist its advance in the South: "I've attacked the South for the last time, except in so far as it may be necessary to point out that the chief defect the Old South had was that in it which produced, through whatever cause, the New South. I think the test of the True Southern Spirit would be something like this: whenever the demagogues cry 'Nous allons!' if the reply is 'Non! Nous retardons!' then you may be sure the reply indicates the right values." Furthermore, Tate added, "The symptom of advance must be seen as a symptom of decay."

Such was Weaver's attitude toward what is journalistically styled "progress." Resistance to the spread of modernity characterizes his writings no less than it does the productions of the Fugitive-Agrarians. These Southern essays, thematically divided into three sections by the editors, reveal Weaver's sympathy with and debt to the writings and vision of the men from Vanderbilt. In section one, entitled "Southern Literature and Thought," three essays ("The Tennessee Agrarians," "The Southern Phoenix," and "Agrarianism in Exile") examine prophetic, conservative, and literary qualities in the work of Warren, Davidson, Stark Young, Ransom, and Tate. Weaver emphasizes the importance of Europe to young Southerners, who as soldiers and Rhodes Scholars went across the Atlantic:

> *Now when these provincials traveled to Europe and began to look about them, they were not a little interested to discover the same kind of environment they had left behind. . . . [T]hey saw a deep-rooted organic society, held together by non-empirical bonds. . . . A suspicion began to dawn that the society they had grown up with in the South was in the main tradition of Western European civilization. It was the North and not the South which represented an aberration from a historic culture, and which therefore had to assume the burden of proof.*

In his essays and in *The Southern Tradition at Bay,* Weaver observes the South's congenial attitude toward traditional European culture, and his work as well as the Agrarians' is largely a defense of Judeo-Christian and Greco-Roman (or Western European) values and institutions from the confusing and destructive ideologies of modern times.

Section two, entitled "The South in American History," contains Plutarchan portraits of famous New Englanders and Southerners: paired studies of Henry David Thoreau and John Randolph ("Two Types of American Individualism") and of Daniel Webster and Robert Hayne ("Two Orators"), and separate assessments of Bledsoe and Lee ("Albert Taylor Bledsoe" and "Lee the Philosopher"). The paired studies show differences between New England and Southern culture by contrasting representative figures, while the studies of Lee and Bledsoe celebrate two different sorts of Southerners. This section also contains essays on religion and chivalry in the South which Weaver adapted from the book that was posthumously published as *The Southern Tradition at Bay.*

The third section, "The Southern Tradition for an American Future," contains essays on the South's attitude to modern European radicalisms ("The South and the Revolution of Nihilism"), on "Aspects of the Southern Philosophy," on the Southern mind and temper ("The Southern Tradition"), and on the Southerner's view of the Constitution, centralization, and patriotism ("The South and the American Union").

In the preface to this volume, Thompson and Curtis observe that Weaver was no mere epigone of the Agrarians, that he was an original thinker who completed the task the Agrarians had begun, and that he was "that odd creature in the twentieth century: a resolutely hopeful traditionalist." It is encouraging to read Weaver's essays on the South, though not everyone will receive testimony from the prophet. Weaver bristles with opinion and prejudice, and there are many, North and South, who cannot abide his views, such as that education in tragedy "is the profoundest education of man," and that it is a "blessing that the South never had much money" (written in 1952).

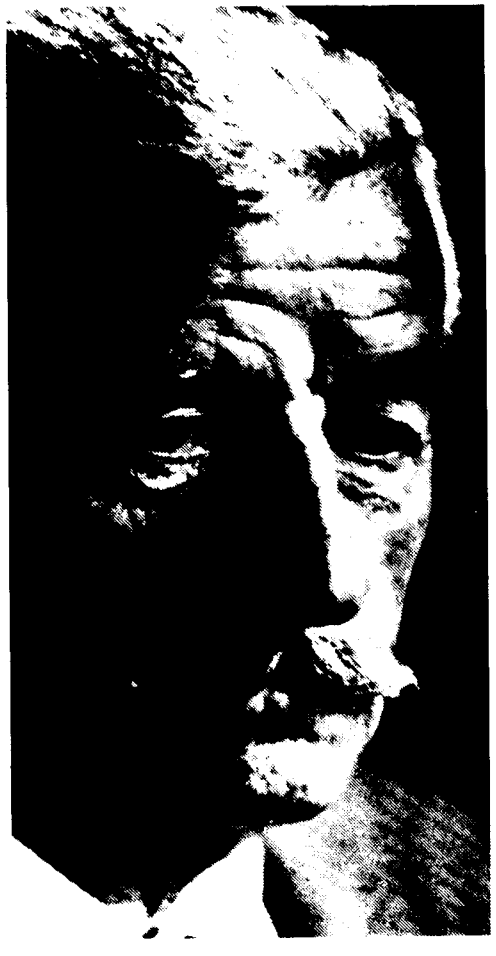
All of Weaver's findings about the South do not ring true today. The region has changed in the last few decades, not always for the best. But it behooves us to consider the scholarship, the reflections, and the admonitions of one who has "the True Southern Spirit."

Several articles on Lincoln and the Copperheads in the *Southern Partisan* explain why most traditional Southerners are chary in their praise of Lincoln. Interested readers should see "The Dark Side of Abraham Lincoln" (Fall, 1985); "The Copperheads: A Badge of Liberty," Parts I and II (Spring and Summer, 1985); and "The Copperheads: Traitors or Democrats?" (Spring, 1987).★

Michael Jordan, a regular contributor to these pages, is now engaged in doctoral studies at the University of Georgia in the works of Donald Davidson.

Understanding FAULKNER

By Mark Royden Winchell



A Review of: *On the Prejudices, Predilections, and Firm Beliefs of William Faulkner.* By Cleanth Brooks. Baton Rouge, Louisiana: Louisiana State University Press, 1987. 162 pp. $16.95.

When I think of the state of literary criticism in the academy today, I think of a *New Yorker* cartoon someone has put up in the liberal arts coffee lounge at Clemson. It shows a fool, in cap and bells, juggling before the king. The caption reads: "In France they consider him a creative genius." Underneath someone has written: "Does this refer to Jerry Lewis or Derrida?" For the uninitiated, Jacques Derrida is the French critic who founded deconstruction, an arcane methodology that regards written texts as primarily self-referential wordplay. Whatever may be said for the metaphysics of this approach, it, along with structuralism and other recent forays into "critical theory," is frequently more difficult to understand than the creative works it is meant to explicate. Glossolalia may or may not have its place in religion; in literary exegesis it is deadly.

How different things were when the Southern "new critics" were running the show. In the forties and fifties the most influential literary quarterlies in America preached and practiced a brand of aesthetic formalism that had been originated (in this country, anyway) by John Crowe Ransom and his followers at Vanderbilt University. Although careful to stress the integrity of literary artifacts against those who would see them as mere adjuncts of history or sociology, the "new critics" (as they were then known) never succumbed to the absolute relativism of the deconstructionists. If they sometimes approached poems as anagrams to be decoded, it was not with the casualness that one might approach the crossword puzzle in the morning paper. For them literature had an important, though not preeminent, role in a world of humane values. It was neither a religion, on the one hand, nor a bead game on the other.

If John Crowe Ransom was the major theorist of the new criticism, its foremost practitioner was surely Cleanth Brooks. In a series of textbooks he co-edited with Robert Penn Warren and in his vastly influential collection of essays *The Well Wrought Urn* (1947), Brooks taught several generations of college students how to apply the principles of aesthetic formalism to actual works of literature. In fact, had he written nothing in the past forty years, Brooks would still be an important figure in the literary history of this century. Fortunately, he did not stop writing but has devoted himself since the early sixties to interpreting and popularizing the work of one of America's greatest but most difficult novelists, his fellow Southerner William Faulkner. Only if we understand this missionary vocation can we appreciate Brooks's most recent book on Faulkner as something more than what Douglas Bush considered all new criticism to be--an advanced course in remedial reading.

On the Prejudices, Predilections, and Firm Beliefs of William Faulkner is Brooks's fourth and least scholarly book on Faulkner. For the most part it is a collection of lectures delivered since the early seven-

ties. As oral presentations, these lectures must have impressed general audiences with their clarity and modesty, proving once again that Cleanth Brooks is a superb teacher and gracious human being. On the printed page, however, only a few of these pieces bear comparison with Brooks's best work. His essay on "The British Reception of Faulkner" is one of these. It not only delivers the information promised in the title but also serves as a case study of the differences between professional American criticism and amateur British reviewing. (Although I prefer the latter to the former nine times out of ten, Brooks demonstrates that the British method is particularly ill suited to a writer as complex as Faulkner.) Of more obvious interest to the readers of this magazine are three unmistakably Southern essays--"Faulkner and the Fugitive-Agrarians," "Faulkner and the Community," and "Faulkner and the American Dream."

In the first of these essays, Brooks answers Daniel Aaron's charge that he and Robert Penn Warren have tried to distort the iconoclastic Faulkner into a kind of honorary Fugitive and Agrarian. Through a solid marshalling of evidence, Brooks shows that the Nashville crowd was more critical of Southern life than is generally supposed and that Faulkner was not nearly as hostile to his home region as simple-minded civic boosters accused him of being. Both Faulkner and the Fugitive-Agrarians lived in and worked out of that sense of historical discontinuity known as literary modernism. Although not identical, their responses to this situation have more in common with each other than either does with the Victorian certitudes of the New South. The Nashvillians were among Faulkner's earliest admirers. And in his only recorded comment on the Vanderbilt writers, Faulkner has his character Charles Mallison observe that "Huey Long in Louisiana had made himself founder owner and supporter of what his uncle Gavin said was one of the best literary magazines anywhere, without ever once looking inside it." The magazine in question was the *Southern Review,* edited by Robert Penn Warren and Cleanth Brooks.

In his discussions of "Faulkner and the Community," Brooks identifies the quality that most distinguishes the world of Yoknapatawpha (and the South in general) from what we find in the fiction of Faulkner's most gifted contemporaries. The characters of Hemingway and Fitzgerald may exist in a crowd (a random group of onlookers) or even a society (persons drawn together for mutual profit). What we do not find in their work, or in much modern American fiction set outside the South, is a fully functioning community--"a group of people united by common likes and dislikes, aversions and enthusiasms, tastes, ways of life, and moral beliefs." Neither Faulkner nor Brooks is foolish enough to think that a community is invariably a force for good. But it is an invaluable literary resource, giving fictional characters a context within which to play out their individual dramas. Remove the community of Jefferson from "A Rose for Emily" and you have only the sort of tabloid melodrama found in the supermarket check-out lines--SPINSTER SLEEPS FOR FORTY YEARS WITH BOYFRIEND'S CORPSE.

Paradoxically, one of the fruits of true community is the right to privacy. (Respect for Miss Emily's privacy allowed her literally to get away with murder.) The dignity and autonomy of the individual are more likely to be respected where people are united by shared values than in a totally atomistic society. In a community manners and customs regulate behavior. In a mere society, man's actions are constrained only by brute force (either public or private) or by the fear of force. For Faulkner the American Dream lay in the promise of true community. When the national media began invading his privacy, he was prompted to begin a series of essays (still incomplete at the time of his death) on the demise of that promise in present-day America. In a thought-provoking lecture delivered at the International Faulkner Conference in Japan, Brooks compares Faulkner's critique of contemporary American society with that of Christopher Lasch, whose *Culture of Narcissism* was published sixteen years after Faulkner's death. Like Lasch and others capable of seeing beyond their image in the pool, Faulkner knew that a man who has lost all voluntary codes of behavior is apt to be destroyed by either the Leviathan or the jungle.

Faulkner has now been gone for a quarter century and has long since passed into the literary pantheon. Cleanth Brooks, however, is still very much with us. Only nine years younger than Faulkner, he is one of the last major Southern critics of what might be regarded as Faulkner's generation. (Andrew Lytle and Robert Penn Warren are the others.) Of that generation, Andrew Lytle observed, it "was the last moment of equilibrium . . . the last time a man could know who he was. Or where he was from. It was the last time a man, without having to think, could say what was right and what was wrong." Without that equilibrium one cannot know the world well enough to recreate it in art or evaluate it in criticism. Perhaps for that reason we are constantly hearing reports of the death of the novel and of the death of criticism. But as long as Faulkner and Brooks continue to be read those reports will remain greatly exaggerated.★

Mark Royden Winchell recently collaborated with Herman E. Talmadge on *Talmadge: A Political Legacy, A Politician's Life.* He is Professor of English at Clemson University and managing Editor of *The South Carolina Review.*

BOOKNOTES

THE SOUTHERN LIVING COOKBOOK. ***Compiled and edited by Susan Carlisle Payne. 512 pp. Oxmore House. $24.95.***

If you can own but one cookbook, this may be the one -- especially if you live in the South. It contains more than 500 pages of cooking instructions, kitchen advice and recipes. More than 1,300 recipes are here and interspersed throughout the book are 450 full-color photographs. It took more than eight years for the folks at *Southern Living* magazine to put this book together and the attention to detail is obvious.

It begins with a chapter on cooking basics, providing tips on how to organize the kitchen, what equipment and appliances to buy, how to select and care for cutlery, what staples you should stock, how to store food and even advice on food shopping. Ever read a cookbook and be puzzled about the terms? This one explains everything, illustrating for instance the various methods of cutting up food -- the slice, the Julienne, the dice/cube, the shred, the chop/mince.

Menus and meal planning, napkin folds and table etiquette, instructions on canning, freezing and pickling -- it's all here. Want a quick method of fileting fish? It's here. Unsure how to cut up a lobster? Check this book. Trying to figure out how to make a souffle? Read it from the experts.

After you've consulted this mini-encyclopedia on the basics, you've no less than 16 chapters of recipes, illustrated in color and organized thusly: appetizers and sandwiches, beverages, breads, cakes and frostings, cookies and candies, desserts, eggs and cheese, fish and shellfish, meats, pasta and cereals, pies and pastries, poultry, salads and dressings, sauces, soups and stews, vegetables and side dishes.

A full-color chart illustrates the various cuts of beef, and recipes are indexed by name and subject. The new bride, the husband who loves to cook, the seasoned kitchen whiz, the single cook and the master chef can all learn something from this excellent new work by Oxmoor House. If you tried to design the perfect cookbook, you probably couldn't improve on this one.

—Rod Gragg

HOME TO JERICHO. ***By Herbert Shuptrine. 159 pp. Oxmoor House. $60.00.***

This is the sequel to the 1974 work, *Jericho: The South Beheld,* which recorded a remarkable first printing of 150,000 copies and won glowing reviews for its romantic portrayal of the South. South Carolinian James Dickey wrote the text for that work, and Hubert Shuptrine produced the art. Now Shuptrine is back -- minus James Dickey -- with a beautiful collection of new art. It's his vision of the South and selected other states' landscapes, still life, portraits. The proverbial weathered Southern tenant shacks and farmhouses are here, but so are cookie-can flowers blooming on a shelf, a sleigh team of work horses waiting patiently in the snow, and Texas brahmas eyeing the artist.

Ninety-one new watercolors by Shruptrine are displayed in this well-crafted volume. It's a product of the artist's wandering through 15 states, from Texas to New England, and it's happily laced with numerous scenes from the South. It really is a superb art book for Southern art lovers -- even without James Dickey.

—RG

MONTICELLO: A FAMILY STORY. ***By Elizabeth Langhorne. 289 pp. Algonquin Books. $19.95.***

Here's a new, well-designed profile of our third president, Thomas Jefferson, and the family circle he shared at his remarkable Virginia residence. Monticello is the central feature of this book and serves as the stage to introduce all the Jefferson characters of history. Here's the talented, innovative Jefferson, his young wife, Martha (whose early death made Jefferson a widower), his daughters Martha and Maria, and son-in-law Thomas Randolph, Jr. Jefferson remains one of the most attractive of the nation's founders and this biographical survey is a good source to capture a glimpse of the real man.

—RG

THE BEST SCHOOL IN THE WORLD. ***By James L. Morrison, Jr. 267 pp. Kent State University Press. $27.50.***

The U.S. Military Academy at West Point was first publicly heralded as "the best school in the world" by someone who never attended it -- President Andrew Jackson. Lots of others have shared his views, including a lot of alumni of "The Point." This study examines the early years of West Point and surveys the school's impact on a growing and sometimes divided America. Those early graduates of West Point, writes the author, "explored, surveyed and pacified the West, built railroads, dams and canals, served as junior officers in the Mexican War, and held high commands on both sides in the Civil War." Perhaps no other institution has so shaped American history. Many of the Point's best were Southerners, including a

large segment of the Confederate officer corps and notable 20th century Southerners like George Patton, Dwight Eisenhower and William Westmoreland. Studying the history of West Point is the same as studying the South's impact on the military history of the United States. —*RG*

•A TERRY TEXAS RANGER. ***By H.W. Graber. 436 pp. State House Press. (P.O. Box 15247, Austin, TX 78761). $19.95.***

"I would much prefer to forget as I have forgiven, and not reopen old wounds, but a sacred duty I owe my family forces me to submit the unvarnished truth..." With these words Confederate veteran Henry Graber explained why he wrote his autobiography and recorded his wartime exploits. Students of the War should be grateful for Graber's devotion to the "sacred duty" -- he produced one of the classic memoirs of Texas troops in Confederate service. Now reprinted by State House Press, it preserves Graber's recollection of wartime life in the famous Terry's Texas Rangers.

From service in Kentucky in 1861 to final action at Bentonville in 1865, Graber preserved the reality of Confederate service in "the Late Unpleasantness" -- and also recorded a stark view of Reconstruction. An excellent primary source on Terry's Texas Rangers and Confederate service, this reprint edition is enhanced by an authoritative introduction by Southern historian Thomas W. Cutrer.

WILD FLOWERS IN THE CAROLINAS. ***By Wade T. Batson. 153 pp. University of South Carolina Press. $24.95 in cloth; $11.95 in paper.***

From bur reeds and cattails to rabbit tobacco and ironweed, here's everything you probably ever want to know about wild flowers in North and South Carolina. Written by a professional biologist, Wade T. Batson, this new work is a most useful guide to our flowering herbs, shrubs and flowers. It provides interesting and concise information as well as more than 200 color photographs. —*RG*

THE INTERNATIONAL CHILDREN'S BIBLE HANDBOOK. ***By Lawrence Richards. 224 pp. Sweet Publishing Co. $12.95***

Looking for an excellent Bible handbook for preteens? Look no more. Here's a colorful orthodox and reliable children's handbook sure to make the Book of Books more understandable to children (adults too, perhaps) in this age of mass communications and video wizardry. From Genesis through Revelation, Bible doctrine is summarized and clearly explained. Information on life and customs in Bible times enhances the handbook, which is filled with color photographs and illustrations. It's a perfect book for nightly Bible stories or family devotions.

—*RG*

LEE'S TIGERS: THE LOUISIANA INFANTRY IN THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA. ***By Terry L. Jones. 274 pp. LSU Press. $19.95.***

Twelve-thousand strong, they were among the cream of the fighting men in Robert E. Lee's Army of Northern Virginia. Among them were street toughs from the New Orleans slums, brawlers from Mississippi river traffic and "wharf rats" from the Crescent City docks. They were Lee's Tigers" -- Louisiana infantry -- and they carved an important, colorful notch in the history of the ANV. Boistrous, rugged and brave, they were among the most dependable fighters in Lee's army.

This history charts their contribution to the Lost Cause. Battling at First Manassas, fighting with Stonewall in the Valley, holding the line at Spotsylvania and there at the bitter surrender at Appomattox, "Lee's Tigers" played a mighty role in the Eastern Theater. Historian Terry Jones does not deny them any credit; nor does he whitewash their often unflattering characteristics. The result is a detailed, definitive account of the hard-drinking, hard-fighting Louisianans. Using extensive primary sources from numerous manuscript collections, military records and published memoirs, the author has produced the kind of superb history students of the War have grown to expect from LSU Press.

ANGEL CHILD ***By Mark Steadman. Peachtree Publishers, 244 pages. $15.95***

In spite of the fact that I received only a B from him in his English class at Clemson University, I am glad to give Mark Steadman an A-minus for his new book, *Angel Child*. (However, I must also give it a rating of PG for some of its authentic redneck language.)

Angel Child is about the ugliest man on earth, Langston James McHenry, his ugly wife, Cowie, his ugly son Halstead, and his other son, Gabriel, who was named for an angel. Even the name tells you that Gabriel was different. He, in contrast to Langston James ("Eljay"), was the most beautiful child ever born in Whippet, Georgia.

Mixed in between the lines is the story of the friendship of Langston James with a black man by the name of Bodine Polite and all the difficulties that were presented by such a friendship in Georgia of the late Fifties. [We also learn about Delmer, the cat, and about the many unusual characters that Langston James came across.]

Mark Steadman reminds me very much of Garrison Keillor.

His writing has many of the same characteristics of the most famous citizen of Lake Wobegon, Minnesota. From my class at Clemson with Dr. Steadman, I recall that he had an affinity for Keillor, so I'm sure he will be pleased by the comparison.

The first similarity is the use of description. For instance the description of Cowie, the ugly wife is Keilloresque: "It was not exactly love at first sight, and, in fact, the first glimpse Langston James got of her in the predawn darkness almost caused him to levitate. She looked like something put together out of spare parts left over from a Boris Karloff movie." The angel child was, in contrast, a child that "made the one on the Gerber label look like Porky Pig." Steadman is equally skilled in describing things. For instance, Langston James met a man who was wearing a hearing aid "that was supposed to be flesh colored, but looked like a wad of bubble gum, or some kind of growth gone out of control. The cable connecting it ...was the same color pink and thick enough to feed an arc welding wand."

But my favorite description in the book is that of the feelings a lady in town felt for the angel child: "The palpitation she experienced under her breastbone, was as of things shifting and changing and rearranging themselves, like a shoebox half full of marbles had tilted inside her."

As a Southern partisan, I must comment briefly on a couple of passages from the book that I didn't like.

Mark Steadman captures the South very well in most of his characters. I was especially pleased by the eccentric man and his wife who opened their own store just off the Interstate so they wouldn't have to take orders from anybody.

But the section about the filling station owned by "Dunk" was gratuitous. Here we have the Yankee stereotype of mean-spirited rednecks. At "Dunk's" they wouldn't pump gas in a truck if a black man was sitting in the front. And of course, the Confederate flag was displayed everywhere at "Dunk's" along with "Impeach Earl Warren" signs. These are the kind of anti-Southern stereotypes typical of Hollywood screenwriters and a certain type of Southern writer who feels obliged to say ugly things about the South on the "race issue" as a kind of initiation ritual to have manuscripts considered by the Yankee press. Peachtree Publishers does not require Southern writers to self-flagellate. So I wish my old professor had left that part out.

Still, all in all, he makes the grade. *—Oran Smith*

MAMMALS OF THE CAROLINAS, VIRGINIA, AND MARYLAND. ***By W.D. Webster, J.F. Parnell and W.C. Biggs, Jr. 255 pp. University of North Carolina Press. $16.95.***

Here's a handsome, welcome guide for animal lovers, hikers, campers, hunters, children, and anyone else interested in the wildlife of a large section of the South. From the armadillo to the possum to the Seminole bat, here is a parade of Southern mammals, described in detail and depicted with 117 color photographs. Identified, described and pictured in this wonderful volume are 88 terrestrial mammals and 33 marine species that inhabit offshore waters (humpback whales and the like compose the marine species). Most of the mammals studied by the authors can be found in the Waccamaw-Grand Strand region -- and this book is an excellent introduction. It will make a pleasant addition to anyone's personal library and it should be lots of fun for parents who read to their children.

—RG

continued from page 31

have filled me with delighted anticipation. (I thought going to Memphis for the day was almost as good as going to Heaven.) But I knew that for them it would hold no such promise. And I knew that it wouldn't make them forget what was going on right that minute in Nashville either. And anyway, maybe they would both rather have been right there in Woodville, with their families--certainly, maybe Brandon would--while the horror was being accomplished, waiting for the sentence to be **executed**, like it was called, and then waiting for Guy Taylor's body to arrive. Like it or not, Guy **was** Brandon's uncle. But apparently, they hadn't been consulted in the matter. It was really all too bad, I thought, treating them like children. And they were **football** players too.

Well, that's all a long time ago now, and a lot of water has gone under the bridge since then. Morton Hutcheson was killed several years later in World War II. And I grew up and moved away. But Brandon Taylor went on to amount to something, like everybody had always expected--became head football coach at a small midwestern college and made quite a name for himself out there, they all said. But somebody wrote me just the other day that he had recently retired and moved back to Woodville and was farming his father's old place now. And do you know, the next time I'm back there, I'm going down to see him. I suppose, after all these years, he's still something of a hero to me, and I'd like to renew our acquaintance. But the main thing is that, sooner or later, somewhere along the line, I want to talk to him about that day he and Morton spent in Memphis and, if I can do so without giving offense, ask him exactly what they did then. ★

THE SMOKE NEVER CLEARS

ROD GRAGG

•CONFEDERATE NAVY CHIEF: STEPHEN R. MALLORY. ***By Joseph T. Durkin. 446 pp. University of South Carolina Press. $19.95.***

Stephen R. Mallory, the Confederate Secretary of the Navy, knew how to do a lot with a little. Unable to even begin to match the resources of the formidable Federal navy, he directed a war on water that was both innovative, unprecedented and surprisingly effective. The life of this resourceful Confederate leader is profiled in rich detail in this old favorite, first published by UNC Press in 1954 and now happily reprinted by "the other Carolina" to the south. Using Mallory's dairy and other primary sources, author Joseph T. Durkin, emeritus professor of history at Georgetown University, chronicles Mallory's life and spotlights his wartime contribution to the Cause. Unable to produce fleets of warships and thousands of sailors, Mallory attacked the North with weapons of daring: torpedoes, submarines, ironclads and cruisers. Although unable to break the Federal stranglehold on Southern ports, Mallory's tactics achieved notable successes: a torpedo sent Admiral John Dahlgren's flagship, the U.S.S. Harvest Moon, to the bottom of South Carolina's Winyah Bay; the submarine David seriously damaged the U.S.S. *New Ironsides* and disrupted the blockading fleet at Charleston; the ironclad C.S.S. *Virginia* did more damage to the U.S. Navy than any other attack until Pearl Habor; and the cruiser C.S.S. *Alabama* left much of Northern commercial shipping in shambles. Clearly, mallory was no typical government bureaucrat. His story, told so well in this plenary biography, is also the story of the Confederate Navy.

•FIREPOWER FROM ABROAD: THE CONFEDERATE ENFIELD AND THE LeMAT REVOLVER. ***By Wiley Sword. 119 pp. Andrew Mowbray, Publishers. (P.O. Box 460, Lincoln, R.I. 02865). $16.00***

Brought into the Confederacy on moonless night by sleek, camouflaged blockade-runners, the British Enfield rifle became a powerful weapon in the hands of the South's fighting men. The Enfield's combat effectiveness was as much as five times greater than the percussion smoothbore musket, which was the standard American small arm at war's beginning. Throughout the war, it was a favored Confederate weapon which took a terrible toll of the enemy. Historian Wiley Sword here records the story of the famous Enfield, tracing the weapon's history, detailing its performace, charting its impact on the war -- and coupling it with another distinctive Confederate small arm: the LeMat revolver. Sword's account of the LeMat is not as well-defined as his narrative of Enfield. Instead, much of the weapon's history is told through wartime correspondence. Even so, this work is probably the most complete study of the Enfield and the French-made LeMat available to the general reader. Sword has done a great favor for students of the war.

•THE CONFEDERACY: A GUIDE TO THE ARCHIVES OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA. ***By Henry Putney Beers, 536 pp. National Archives Trust Fund Board. (P.O. Box 1000793, Atlanta, GA 30384). $25.00***

Who knows what all is tucked away behind the great bronze doors of the National Archives? The answer: no one does. However, Henry Putney Beers knows a lot about National Archives treasures related to the Confederacy -- and he shares his expert knowledge in this wonderful guide to Confederate records at the National Archives. A companion volume to *The Union: Guide to Federal Archives Relating to the Civil War,* this guidebook to Confederate records can take you on a fascinating, revealing pilgrimage through the primary sources of the Confederacy and its people. Ever wonder what it was really like in a Confederate hospital. See for yourself by reading the morning patient reports from Richmond's Winder General Hospital or other institutions supervised by the C.S. Medical Department. Interested in the war in the West? Then take a look at correspondence to and from the District of Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona, including materials not found in the *O.R.s.* Treasury Department records contain the captured logbook of the Confederate blockade runner Coquette, charting a voyage from Liverpool to the Confederacy via Bermuda.

Such are the numerous treasures awaiting examination at the National Archives in Washington. Beers' helpful guidebook enables students of the war to cut through the bureaucratic headaches of locating sources and it also lists related collections houses in other repositories. Generally, Archives staffers are courteous and helpful to researchers, and, armed with this guidebook, even novices can begin to prowl through the historical delights in the Archives collection. Who knows what waits to be discovered in the Confederate records kept behind the great bronze doors?

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THE LAST WORD

REID BUCKLEY

ATTACCABOTTONIS AND PLUNDERBUNDS

Haven't you often suffered the desperate embarrassment of tartling?

No, I don't mean tattling: *tartling*. That's Scottish for hesitating in recognizing a person or thing. Things don't mind, but persons do. One never knows when one's next tartle could be one's last.

More painful even than tartling — the regret and embarrassment are this time quite personal — is to suffer *esprit de l'escalier*. An awful punster once described this sorry state as "repartee," which is the witty remark or rejoinder that tragically ignites in the mind after the party is over. When you are driving home. And burning that you did not think of that scintillating put-down opportunity. And your spouse will not believe your bald lie that you came up with it at the precise right moment, silencing your antagonist and causing glamorous and beautiful women to turn inquiring eyes in your direction . . .

The Germans have a version of this known as *Treppenwitz*, which, being German, is much the more portentous. "In addition to referring to the kind of remark that occurs to a person when it is too late, it also applies to events that appear to be the result of a joke played by fate or history. The Battle of New Orleans in the War of 1812 is a classic example. Andrew Jackson led his irregulars to the war's greatest victory . . . but because of the slow communications of the era, it was fought two weeks after the British and Americans had signed a peace treaty!"

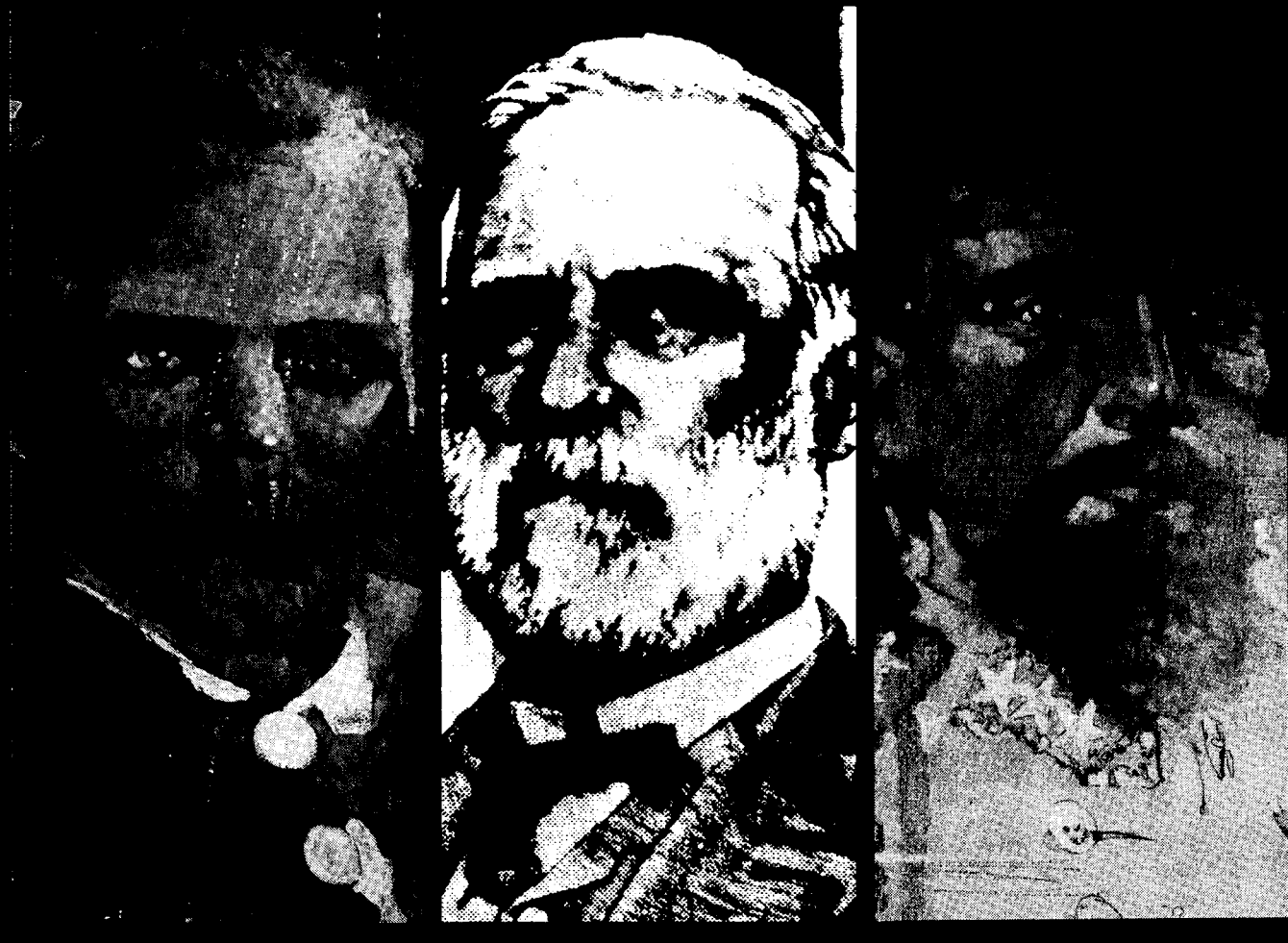
A Treppenwitz in one's personal life might be the daughter who telephones to declare in the first breath that she has discovered a life of chastity to be the greatest state, and in the second to announce that she is six months pregnant.

I owe these discoveries, and the quotation above, to Mr. Howard Rheingold, who has compiled a very amusing lexicon (*They Have A Word For It,* St. Martin's Press) of *bon mots* and *bon phrases* for which we have no precise translation nor any English substitute, and which are delicious to mull over, enlightening to contemplate, and tremendous summer fun to airily let drop in a conversation. Mr. Rheingold supplies not only definitions, but also witty and informative commentaries about their use. Summer is a time when one is attacked by *attaccabottoni*, which is the onomatopoetic Italian expression for a "doleful bore who buttonholes people and tells sad, pointless tales." Truly says Mr. Rheingold, "Words have the power to hypnotize if they are wielded by a skilled hypnotist. Words have the power to enthrall when they are spoken by a charismatic personality. And words have the power to put the most lively person to sleep when they fall into the hands of that most dreaded conversational specialist, the bore." An evening at the mercy of an attaccabottoni is enough to drive one to the most terrible *Katzenjammer* (You remember the Kids? Well, the literal meaning in German is the sounds that cats make when cats are making out, the idiomatic meaning "a hangover of terminal severity"). After several hours, one may feel beads of sweat bud upon the brow, a queasiness in the gut, a dizziness in the head, and a most horrible (presuming one is male) onslaught of *koro,* which is Chinese for the hysterical belief that a fellow's manly standard is shrinking. There is, on the other hand, little to compare with the *Schaddenfreude* when the attaccabottoni unaccountably turns his attention to a passing acquaintance, preferably a jerk one despises, *Schaddenfreude* being the joy in someone else's misfortune.

In this election year summer chitchat on swanky poolside terraces is bound to revolve around *plunderbunds,* which is Dutch for groups or alliances of financial or political interests that exploit the public. One may be *masa bodoa,* Japanese for a nature sociopolitically passive and unaware, and which can't be helped; one must not on the other hand permit oneself to succumb to *qualunquismo,* Italian for an attitude of indifference to political and social issues, or else someone deplorable, not worthy of thee, is likely to collect the *bustarella,* Italian for the Mexican *mordida,* meaning cash bribe (in Mexican, "the bite"), which unaccountably Mr. Rheingold does not include in his book.

There are other omissions. In Spanish, *macho, querencia,* and many other indispensable words, such as *cursi,* have been, or should be, incorporated into our parlance. I can't speak for Italian, German, or Dakota. Mr. Rheingold commits one egregious *faux.* He uses *epater les bourgeois* when he means *epater les bourgeoisie,* but if doing such will give you fun buy his book, and you will surely *bouleverser* (overthrow) those whom you do not manage to flatten.

Southern PARTISAN



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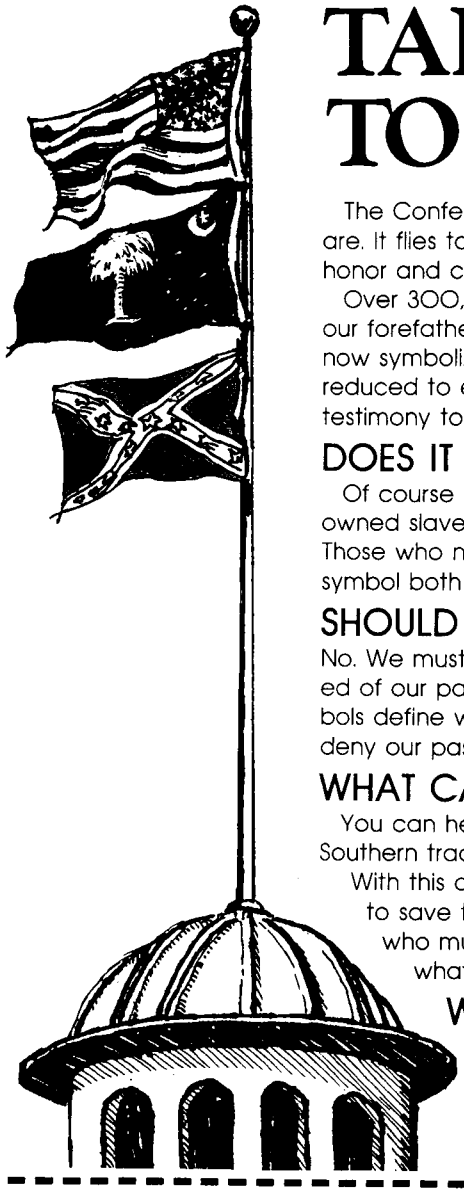

TAKE YOUR STAND TO SAVE THE FLAG

The Confederate Battle Flag is the symbol of the South. It stands for who we are. It flies to honor fallen heroes and to remind us of a special legacy built on honor and courage.

Over 300,000 men died bravely under that Flag. They were our ancestors - our forefathers - men and women who sanctified with their life's blood a heritage now symbolized by that Banner. From the ashes of defeat, with their home reduced to embers, the spirit of our fathers survived. And that Flag gives testimony to the survival of their spirit in us.

DOES IT STAND FOR SLAVERY?

Of course not. Over 80% of the men who fought for the Confederacy never owned slaves (indeed, thousands of black Southerners fought under that Flag). Those who now seek to tear the Flag down and those who wave it as a racist symbol both share the same ignorant view of history.

SHOULD IT BE TAKEN DOWN?

No. We must never allow a small group of misguided people to make us ashamed of our past. The time has come to protect the integrity of our heritage. Symbols define who we are and where we come from. No one should ask us to deny our past or to repudiate the memory of our ancestors.

WHAT CAN YOU DO?

You can help save the Flag and promote a better understanding of the true Southern tradition by supporting the Southern Heritage Fund.

With this advertisement, we are launching a nationwide petition drive to save the Flag. Your support can help prove to the public officials who must decide this issue that we do care about the Flag and what it really stands for.

WHY IS IT SO URGENT?

Because certain pressure groups are now trying to ban the Confederate Battle Flag from public display in Southern States--and they want to ban the song "Dixie" from public performances.

PLEASE HELP NOW!

Yes! I am willing to support the Southern Heritage Fund. I believe we should protect the Battle Flag as a symbol of the independent and unbroken spirit of the Southern people (both those who were born in the South and those who have chosen the South as their home).
I urge my Senators and Representatives to save the Battle Flag, the song "Dixie" and other symbols of the old South.

My Name _____

Address _____

City _____ **State** _____ **Zip** _____

NOTE: Please clip this petition and mail it to The Southern Heritage Fund. Also, if you can, please help pay for the cost of advertisements we plan to publish across the South by enclosing a contribution to The Southern Heritage Fund in your envelope. Please check the amount:

☐ $25 ☐ $50 ☐ $75 ☐ Other $_____

Support The Southern Heritage Fund

Post Office Box 11719, Columbia, South Carolina 29211